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GREAT MEETING OF IRISH DELEGATES AT THE ALBERT HALL, CHEERING THE UNION JACK.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these days there are controversies about everything; "men of light and leading" are entrapped by complimentary letters from editors to state their opinions upon every subject under heaven, and are sometimes astonished at being contradicted. They flatter themselves that their judgment is to be final, and then discover that it is but one of a long list of them, and not perhaps at the top of that. The last subject is the "Afternoon Nap; is it beneficial or otherwise?" If everybody was of the same age, and of exactly similar constitution, one could imagine some information being derived from the inquiry; but since some folks are young and some are old, and some are fat (not to say apoplectic) and some are thin, one can hardly see how any general rule can be laid down as regards this practice. Babies, it is true, always take an afternoon nap, and so do those in their second childhood; but between these ages tastes must surely be allowed to differ. Naps ought not, however, in any case to be taken in church, nor, if the sleeper is a snorer, in the club library. The drawback to this particular discussion is that it can lead to nothing practical. It is possible that lectures against some customs may cure us of them, but when one wants to go to sleep (unless one is a born idiot) one goes, though all the men of light and leading in the world preach wakefulness.

An advertisement, "To the Bored," ought to appeal to a good many people. "An entertaining, amusing girl of good position will CHEER and ENLIVEN [capitals, if you please!] any Lady or young person who may be dull, lonely, or depressed; unique capabilities; innumerable testimonials; reference to the Hon. Mrs. M—. Terms by the hour or arrangement." This sounds delightfully, but why is the "young person" alone appealed to? It is surely the old person who would hail this benefactress more than anybody. It is he who is generally "dull, lonely, or depressed," and who would most appreciate her efforts. If the Hon. Mrs. M— is pleased, that is surely guarantee enough for him. There is not a word also about the invalid, which just now strikes me as being nothing less than cruel. Why should these "unique capabilities" be only at the service of the hale and the young? "The greatest benefit" (says the advertisement) "guaranteed to the low-spirited." I protest I feel better at the very thought of it. Why are not the terms mentioned? I am not, unhappily, rich, but I think I could scrape together enough for "an hour" of this delightful companionship.

To think of the Stars and Stripes waving over Cliveden is only one degree less amazing than to picture them on Windsor Castle. It was "in Cliveden's high alcove," or, more probably, in its music-room, when Frederick Prince of Wales lived there, that "Rule Britannia," or, as some newspaper authorities tell us, "God Save the King," was first played, and now it will "echo," as the poet of London pathetically sings, "to the strains of 'Yankee Doodle.'" Well, why not? In "the bowers of wanton Shrewsbury and love" there are some spots most admirably adapted in the summer time for the consumption of American drinks; and if any "difficulties" should arise to be settled in the transatlantic fashion, it will not be the first time that they have witnessed the duello. I had no idea the place was to be sold, though I have always had a great inclination to buy it, and now I suppose, even if I offered to give the new proprietor something for his bargain, the opportunity has gone for ever. It has early associations to recommend it, for I used to live at Maidenhead in my youth. One of my earliest recollections is a visit paid to Cliveden one evening by the local fire brigade, under the impression that the mansion was on fire. It was then, I think, in the occupation of Sir George Warrender, who for the first time had fitted up the banqueting-hall with gas, and the lighting of the chandeliers had appeared, for about ten miles round, to be a conflagration. Boulter's Lock was not at that time known to all London. An Eton eight-oar used to pass through it now and then, but no summer fleets; and many a time have I known a quiet domestic party (not an individual, but half-a-dozen) sing in it, as their boat sank low between its echoing walls. It would make quite a sensation on a Sunday now.

Apropos of interruptions in church, alluded to in the Note Book, a correspondent tells me that it is not only theologians who suffer from them. In Hyde Park the other Sunday he heard a secularist denouncing ecclesiastical institutions with great eloquence, but unfortunately in the middle of it there broke out a dog-fight. The audience streamed off at once to this rival attraction; but the orator was not only a secularist but a philosopher.

"Well, I don't blame 'em," he observed; "Demosthenes himself couldn't stand against a dog-fight": and when it was over, he returned to his iconoclastic harangue as if there had been no such hiatus.

What a little thing will bring about a matrimonial squabble! A gentleman has been aggrieved because his wife called him "a softy"; she retorted that he complained of her having two eggs for breakfast; but a softy would surely not have dared to make an objection of that kind. She also averred that he was wont to "sit up in bed crying

and sobbing for his mother"; but are the tenderest emotions of the human heart to be made the subject of domestic contempt? Many women would know how to value a husband of this kind. There was, it is true, a side issue arising from a very natural inclination on his part to live on his wife's family; but who has not felt this, whenever it has been practicable? The judge, with great propriety, decided in his favour.

Mr. Stead, I think, has met with some well-merited criticisms on his attack on Fielding, who was by no means an immoral writer, although occasionally, as compared with modern standards, an indecent one. But a good deal more has been said, in my humble opinion, in defence of his coarseness than can be justified. It is all very well to say that vice suggested—the prurient prudery that is only too common in these days in our novels and attains its apogee in our vigilance societies—is more dangerous than when it is openly described, but this is not the fact. It is true enough that humour is a disinfectant of coarseness, but only with persons who can appreciate humour, and nine-tenths of those who read "Tom Jones," do so, I fear, on account of its coarseness rather than of its wit. A few people like classical music, but a very much larger majority prefer "the tongs and the bones." As to the hero himself, a young gentleman who takes a lady's money, under his peculiar circumstances—whether it be "the custom of the country" or of the age—requires a very robust moralist to excuse him. Mr. Jones may not be a cad like Blifil, but he is what is now called "a bounder," down to his boots.

Yet another critic has actually been writing about the decadence of fiction! They *will* do it. No consideration of its having been done in every age save one—the one which had no predecessors in storytelling to be praised—since fiction has been invented prevents them. Goldsmith tells us of it, Miss Austen tells us of it, every author of distinction who has thought it worth while to notice the matter tells us the same story. "Abuse your modern novelist" has been the motto of the critics from all times. It is a kind of measles, which they all take, and when late in life it is most virulent. It is a philosopher who has taken it this time, rather badly. Philosophers approach the subject with considerable freedom from prejudice, because they do not read modern novels. Still, if they had ever read the contemporary criticisms of the old ones, one would think they would have been warned off this so very much occupied ground. It is like building a new hotel at Brighton, and not with new materials.

One wonders if it is not a nervous instinct incident to the critical calling, similar to that of Dr. Johnson's weakness for collecting orange-peel and avoiding the joins in the pavement. For what possible reason are these perennial attacks made upon "the fiction of to-day"? It can't be for money, for such articles are not very valuable in the literary market; it can't be for fame, for scarcely anybody reads them; and it can scarcely be to convince persons of a contrary opinion, for the whole matter is, in fact, a question of taste. If "Lorna Doone" interests a reader more (let us say) than "The Antiquary," or "Treasure Island" than "Robinson Crusoe," no object is gained by calling him a fool; and that is what this sort of diatribe really comes to, if it comes to anything. You can't compare novelists with one another, as if they were monoliths, and say, "This is the greatest," unless with the saving clause, "in my opinion"; and what the reader says to himself, and very properly, is, "I do not care one halfpenny for your opinion." It is curious that in matters of religion and philosophy there is no one who resents this sort of dictation so much as your critic; but in literature, which is less of an exact science than either, he would fain give laws to all mankind.

Mr. Stevenson adorns whatever he touches, but the subject of his "Island Nights Entertainments" hardly needed any ornamentation, so gracefully has Nature painted it. Its scene itself is like the illustration of a fairy tale; and Uma requires no dressing, which under the circumstances is fortunate, for her trousseau seems to have been of the scantiest. As we read her story we believe in bewitchment as much as she. We live in the same tropic clime, "lots of dates, and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit"; we are tabooed with the pretty creature, and are far from disliking it; we share her savage virtues, and are delighted with the knifing of Mr. Case. If Uma, however, is the way they spell that attribute in Falesia, she is wrongly named, for she is deficient in it; it would, indeed, have sat as ill upon her as an ulster. The "Isle of Voices" has, however, plenty of it. Both Kalamake and Keola are full of fun in their separate ways, fun mixed with magic, which is a most unusual blend. Of Mr. Stevenson's three island stories, however, "The Bottle Imp" is perhaps the best. It is melodramatic, but intensely pitiful. The whole three are so interesting that not until you have read them do you find yourself reflecting upon the varied character of the genius that has given them to us, and such amazingly different works as "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As for myself, however, I give the palm to "Treasure Island," which "makes an old man young" (that is, a boy again) to read it. That charming person with one leg often leaps into my dreams.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens to the public on May Day, will probably suggest to many cynical critics whether art is really advanced by the eager competition which to-day is the keynote of success. When the Royal Academy was first established, artists worked to the best of their ability, and then sent their works to be exhibited in order that those interested might see what was being done. Nowadays, artists paint for the yearly exhibition, each hoping to outvie the other in keen eagerness to attract the eye of the public or of the possible purchaser. This change of attitude towards art is no more plainly visible than at Burlington House, and this year especially it is more than ever in evidence, for there are three vacant seats among the Immortals to be filled next week, and at later periods four more places among the postulants within the portals. Associates and outsiders have therefore had every inducement, in their own special course, to push their respective claims. How far each has succeeded will be hotly discussed during the next few days, and it may be safely predicated that the verdict of the "general assembly" will not be in accordance with that of the public.

It is not possible on this occasion to allude to more than the general features of the present exhibition, of which already some indication has been given. Another unsatisfactory symptom of modern academic art is its apparently constant thought of reproduction. Many pictures are painted seemingly with the sole object of becoming popular by the help of photogravure, etching, or some other process, while others are still more obviously inspired by the actual or supposed needs of the numerous illustrated periodicals with which this age abounds. With these general restrictions and regrets, we turn with satisfaction to a few works which may claim to have been inspired by higher influences. Among the Academicians, the President's work—his most important one—"Rizpah Watching Over the Dead Bodies of her Children," is, if possible, more depressing in general effect than his allegorical picture of last year. On the other hand, the figure of Corinne, in a becoming costume, leaning on her harp, is one of the artist's most successful studies of drapery and classical form. On Sir F. Leighton's views of decorative art it is not necessary to speak, however much we may differ from them; it is impossible to deny the care with which his work is finished and the sense of poetic beauty by which he is inspired. Sir John Millais' larger work, representing two children escaping from a castle, is scarcely up to the level of his better works; but he has two portraits, one of them that of a charming child surrounded by climbing clematis (240), which recalls the portraits of his happiest period. Mr. Dicksee, the latest comer to the ranks of the Academicians, has a very large picture representing a Norse warrior being launched on his last voyage, his ship being the funeral pyre which bears him seawards under the cold light of the summer moonlight. Mr. Pettie—now no longer here—has left behind him, in the portrait of Alderman Wright, ex-Mayor of Leicester (173), one of the best portraits of the year, bright and luminous to a rare degree. Mr. Herkomer sends a good portrait of the Duke of Devonshire (130); Mr. Alma-Tadema one of Dr. Joachim, very fine in its work; and Mr. Ouless is more than usually successful in the portrait of a popular M.F.H. (154).

Among the Associates Mr. David Murray comes very prominently to the front with three striking landscapes, one of which recalls very distinctly Claude's picture known as the "Marriage of Rebekah." Mr. Henry Moore is as blue as ever with his wide sketches of sea and sky, often intense in quality, but monotonous in subject. Mr. Waterhouse's "Hamadryad" (149), enclosed in her oak, listening attentively to the pipings of a young Satyr, shows an increasing tendency to the school of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, although his work is more realistic than either of his leaders'.

Among the outsiders Mr. Sargent's portrait of a lady (30), in a white muslin dress trimmed with violet, is without doubt one of the most remarkable pictures of the year. It is finished to a degree hardly common with this clever artist's work, and the face and figure are more carefully modelled than usual, while retaining the free Velasquez-like touch for which he has shown such aptitude. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Circe" (928) is also a picture which will mark him as one of the coming men. He has attempted, and not without success, to represent the actual transition of Ulysses' companions into swine, and into their expressions, whether as men or swine, he has thrown extraordinary power and a certain weirdness. Its weakest point is the indifference of Circe's face, which shows little or no interest in the working of her spell. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's chief contribution is a group of men assembled round a table drinking to Dr. Ernest Hart, a well-known character in the medical world. There is all the artist's usual vivacity in the rendering of this scene, which in less able hands would have been dark and vulgar. Among the landscape painters, Mr. Noble's luminous and transparent glen (440), notwithstanding its deep shadows, Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Carrara Mountains" (336), and Mr. Leslie Thomas's dark trees against a pale sky (260) are quite the most noteworthy; and to these should be added a sea-piece by Mr. Summerscales (434), which, if not quite so transparent as Mr. Henry Moore's, is more full of interest and movement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LORD DERBY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A broad and careful study of the late Lord Derby's political character would be eminently instructive just now; and the more so because it can be illustrated at every point of a long career in which there were no mystifications or concealments. No such illustration can be attempted in a column of newspaper writing, but the probable outcome may be indicated, perhaps, in a few words.

It has been said that Lord Derby's character was "unsympathetic"; the word should be "unemotional," and even then be qualified. By no means destitute of emotional feeling, he watchfully repressed it in himself and studied to suppress it in others. To him this was the first duty of a politician; and thereupon arises the question whether, though we have here an extremely good point of practice for the politician himself, it is wise to damp down and damp out political sensitiveness in the public mind. Apathy may be the consequence; apathy has for years afflicted whole classes of men in England; and for that Lord Derby was largely responsible. For in one important sense he was very far indeed from being unsympathetic. No statesman of his day was more sympathetic with that large class of Britons (mostly of the middle rank) which prides itself on its "solid qualities." No one represented with such distinction its beloved common-sense; its ardour for coolness; its first, second, and third dependence on caution; its uneasy distrust of imagination; its dread of being carried to any excess either of resistance or adventure. Now, this is a temperament which is never at a loss for words of wisdom on its own behalf, and no man in England could speak them so well as Lord Derby. This made him at one time a great power—a greater power than he seemed; for the classes whom he pleased so much are very quiet as well as very numerous.

But now arises the further question whether Lord Derby had not a weakness in himself which he confirmed in these others. The above-named solid qualities either have their counterfeits or are capable of sinking into something very different. There was considerable danger that this might be the case with the Great Middle Classes, as they were then called, at the time when Lord Derby stood at his highest. They were full of bread. Commercial England was at the top of its prosperity. The time of dwindling prices was not yet, and whatever disturbance lay in the shifting of political power had still to be developed. All was fatness and content; and it was the height of common-sense not to do anything, venture anything, deny anything, that was likely to disturb so rich and flourishing a serenity.

This is no description of Lord Derby's mind, be it observed; I speak now of the classes which he particularly and strongly influenced. And his influence being what it was, his actual conduct as a Minister of State naturally told with most effect on those who most admired him and whom he most nearly represented. How, then, did his conduct appear? Appear is the word, for only a very few are able to say positively how much the look of it corresponded with the reality. Was it wisdom, was it caution, was it timidity passing in his own mind for wisdom? On this point I, for one, formed a distinct impression from something more than newspaper-reading and the study of published despatches. Direct and frequent observation during the anxious and troublous time when Lord Derby was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet suggested strong doubts as to whether his caution did not tremble to extremes under the influence of mere temperament. At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War, his conduct and his language were both at their boldest. From thence to the end they gradually but steadily declined. The change in him was as visible from point to point as falling mercury in a thermometer. But it is no fair inference from this, of course, that caution became cowardice as the imbroglio deepened and responsibilities pressed in. As time went on, Lord Derby may have seen better reasons for allowing the Russians their own way than had come out at the beginning; and when his conduct at that time is again in question it should be known that the opposition in Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet to that statesman's plans of interposition included nearly every member of it. On the other hand, Lord Derby's hesitations, or, to use the short word, his fears, began at some distance from Mr. Disraeli's plans; and it is certain that his retirement immediately revived the belief that England was still something to reckon with, opened the way for a bolder course of action, and contributed distinctly to a more fortunate peace than seemed likely at one time. So far, that was well; but meanwhile the excessive caution of a man who must needs be called wise had gone far in sanctioning a general meanness of spirit, which thought itself also a higher kind of wisdom.

A more distinct and unquestionable illustration of Lord Derby's wisdom of caution was his repugnance to buying the Suez Canal shares. It was my good fortune to suggest that little piece of business to Lord Derby himself as Foreign Secretary, at a moment when our Government being totally ignorant of what was going on, the Khedive's shares were about to pass into French hands. Lord Derby thought it a misfortune that the Khedive had ever dreamed of selling his shares at all; "didn't like" the proposal that England should buy them; could not see how any British Government could hold shares in a commercial undertaking; and was of opinion that "they are best where they are." I don't believe for a moment that Lord Derby was insensible to the advantages that lay behind the purchase; but there were the French to consider; and so urgent were the whisperings of his caution that if with a word he could have locked the Khedive's shares in the Khedive's coffers, the word would have

been uttered and a very pretty coup would have been foregone.

With all this, it would be the greatest folly in the world to underrate the value to the commonwealth of such minds as Lord Derby's, especially when an intellect so keen and clear is coupled with the perfect unselfishness, the ever-present sense of duty, the unassailable high-mindedness of Lord Derby's character. But temperament counts enormously in time of action, often acting directly against wisdom; wherefore the only safe place of a certain kind of politician is as counsellors, not as Ministers.

THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE.

The Palazzo Riccardi, from the balcony of which, on April 15, her Majesty and the two Princesses, with the Duke of Aosta, saw the lively entertainment of the Corso and Battle of Flowers, is situated at one corner of the Piazza San Lorenzo. It is adjacent to two streets—the Via Cavour and the Via Ricasoli, now bearing the names of illustrious modern Italian statesmen by whom successively, in 1861, the national unity was framed and confirmed. The palace, which was built in the fifteenth century by the Medici family, has an imposing front, the lower part of huge rough-hewn stones, the upper part richly and elaborately decorated, 300 ft. in length and 90 ft. high. Its interior comprises a private chapel, the walls of which are covered with the finest paintings in fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing the Virgin and Child with adoring angels and the procession of the Magi; the great gallery is painted with the Apotheosis of the Medici; and there is a

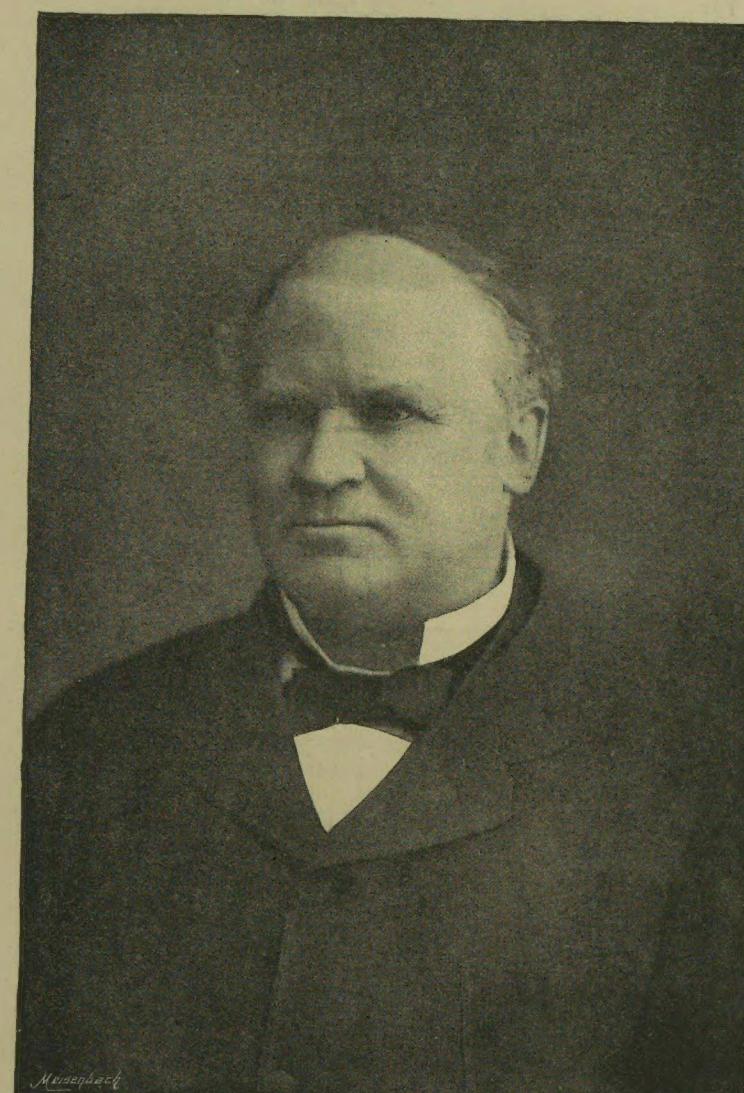


Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE LATE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

valuable public library. One of the last Medici Grand Dukes sold this palace to the Riccardi, but it was afterwards repurchased. It has received as guests King Charles VIII. of France, Pope Leo X., and the Emperor Charles V. It has also been the scene of a notable crime, the murder of Duke Alessandro dei Medici by his cousin Lorenzino, in 1536. The Queen again visited this palace on April 20, in the evening, to see the illuminations of the Fiaccolata.

PRIMROSE DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

The annual rite of political saint-worship, or hero-worship, on April 19, the twelfth anniversary of the death of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was duly performed at his bronze statue in Parliament Square, opposite the north side of Westminster Abbey, by order of the Grand Council of the Primrose League. The four panels of the pedestal were lined with blue cloth, on which the mottoes "Peace with Honour" and "Imperium et Libertas" were displayed in letters formed of primrose flowers, within a frame of primroses, set in damp moss with primrose leaves. On two large iron triangles were laid a collection of floral wreaths and crosses sent by many admirers in memory of the deceased statesman.

A JOURNEY IN MOROCCO.

The clever French artist and writer, M. Montbard, who has often contributed to *The Illustrated London News* views of interesting places and figures and groups of people in different countries, always lively and pleasing as well as truthfully drawn, has performed a journey in Morocco, the fruits of which, artistic and literary, will prove not less agreeable than those of his travels in Egypt.

Tangier, with its white terraces rising from the African shore between the deep blue sea and the bright azure sky,

and its mosques, cased with green and yellow tiles which reflected a dazzling lustre—was full in sight of the approaching steamer, after passing from the coast of Spain. Nearing the Moorish port, was heard a shrill, long drawn-out monotonous cry, that of the "mueddin" in the balcony of the lofty minaret of the Grand Mosque, who waved a white flag and uttered his morning call to the Moslem townsfolk, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet!" From all the minarets of the other mosques in the city white flags and solemn voices made a similar response. It was followed by a great silence, while crowds of people below were kneeling, standing, or prostrate in prayer, turning their faces in the direction of Mecca. Then arose the murmur of the multitude in plaintive, trembling accents, repeating, "Allah Khebar! God is great!"

Landing at Tangier, the gateway to the strange world of Islam so near to Europe, M. Montbard viewed the interior of that city. He found the ancient palace of the Sultan a mighty building falling into ruins, and defaced still more by a Pasha's feeble attempted restorations, in which a vile plaster of lime has covered the brilliant porcelain casing, the elegant arabesques, and the graceful volutes of the marble pillars. But the central court, with its decorated fountains, its mosaic pavement, and its white colonnade, was very charming. In the streets were met various picturesque types of the people, Moors, Berbers, and other races. An excursion out of the town, along the coast, over rocks, among streams and laurel shrubs, led to the heights of the Cape Spartel promontory, and to the lighthouse which overlooks the Atlantic Ocean. The men and laden mules had in the meantime come out of Tangier, and were putting up the tents for the first encampment of the journey through Morocco.

NEW YORK HARBOUR.

Europe, more especially Germany and England, will this summer be sending hundreds of steamship passengers to the United States of America for the "World's Fair," or Great International Exhibition at Chicago. Most of them will land in the port of New York. That great commercial city, which is surpassed in magnitude only by London and Paris, but is not the political capital even of a State, enjoys a magnificent situation as a maritime gateway to America. In a bay formed by the western extremity of Long Island, approaching the New Jersey coast, inside of Sandy Hook, at the mouth of the Hudson River, the island of Manhattan, with that broad river on one side and the marine strait called the East River on the other, extends thirteen miles in length, about two miles in average width, and its seaward half is covered with the city buildings. Large and populous towns—Brooklyn, on Long Island, Jersey City and Hoboken, across the Hudson—make the opposite shores a scene of almost equal interest as a spectacle of social activity. In the bay are smaller islands, with forts and Government establishments; and there is Staten Island, with pleasant villages and rural mansions along its shores, which partly front the open sea. The steamer's course is now due north, up the estuary of the Hudson, sometimes called "the North River," where it presently comes within view of a space of intermingled land and water, more crowded with houses, public edifices, streets, railways, quays, shipping, factories, and bustling people than can be seen at one glance. New York Harbour is guarded of late years by the colossal statue of Liberty, a gift of the French to the American Republic, which no Englishman at the present day can regard with other feelings than those of sincere goodwill to the United States and satisfaction at the prosperity of so great a nation.

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."

There are different ways of treating Mr. Oscar Wilde's play at the Haymarket; but some critics may recognise the dramatist's purpose to read society a lesson by contrasting its acquiescence in depravity with the ethical code of a New England maiden who preaches in a drawing-room, and by a timely benison (not unaccompanied by dollars) unites a sinner mother and a slightly bewildered son. Nay, more, you may perceive that Mr. Oscar Wilde has not read Mr. Stead without profit, and that, in lieu of the social law which offers incense to the hardened profligate who, in an impulse of gracious condescension, proposes to marry the woman he has ruined and deserted, you have in this play another moral standard, which subjects the seducer to the humiliation of being driven, even by an actual blow, out of the woman's life. The idea is not absolutely novel, but we have a suspicion that many playgoers at the Haymarket resented the contemptuous dismissal of this man, his cheek tingling with the sounding buffet administered by the lady. The resources of womanly forgiveness are conventionally supposed to be inexhaustible. Besides, we doubt whether the refusal of Mrs. Arbutnot in the play to accept the conventional reparation can be regarded as quite proper by scrupulous decorum, especially after her declaring that she has never repented of the shame which brought her such precious compensation in the boy she adores. In this speech, which is certainly written with no little eloquence, we have the vindication of maternal love against the censure of a narrow orthodoxy; and in the subsequent scene with the old lover, who now expects his personal sacrifice to be received with boundless gratitude, we have the woman's revolt against the mockery which would make marriage with the wrecker the salvation of the wreck. The Puritan damsel has demanded the equal punishment of women who sin and men who sin with them, but is converted by these incidents to the milder doctrine that women who have the spirit to shake off the contamination of their fellow-sinners are entitled to a comfortable and dignified home.

Here, surely, is a perfectly defensible thesis which might

make a powerful and impressive drama. Does it? The question is not answered by dwelling on the disproportion of Mr. Oscar Wilde's paradoxical dialogue to his dramatic action. Nor is it "very helpful," as one of Mr. Wilde's most amusing ladies would say, to point out that the situation in which Lord Illingworth's real relation to Gerald Arbuthnot is suddenly revealed savours of familiar melodrama. There is a scene in "Felix Holt" of a quarrel between two men, and the elder exclaims, when the younger is about to strike him, "Do—I am your father!" They are standing in front of a mirror, and, turning to the glass, the son perceives for the first time the hateful resemblance which tells the shameful secret of his birth. Mr. Oscar Wilde may have had this vaguely in his mind, just as he may have been unconsciously prompted to make Lord Illingworth admire his boy's spirit in resenting the liberty which the father tries to take with the pretty Puritan by Becky Sharpe's involuntary admiration of her husband when he surprises her with Steyne. But these reminiscences and partial repetitions would in no way detract from Mr. Wilde's play if his principal personages were spontaneous and substantial. Mrs. Arbuthnot is consistent enough, and the trouble is that the part is pitched on one dolorous note which demands from the actress almost incredible intensity and concentration to keep your eye from wandering after her black train, and your mind from wondering whether she has always manoeuvred this appendage through twenty years of woe. On the other hand, it is fair to say that Mrs. Bernard Beere is steadily strengthening her grip of a very arduous task. It is not her fault that she has to strike Mr. Tree in the face with his own glove, a climax which is a gross injustice to both. With admirable art Mr. Tree has indicated the dawn of paternal pride in his suddenly discovered son. The emotion may not be very deep, but it is genuine. The libertine is not a penitent, but he is ready to make what he thinks sufficient amends. When he says to Mrs. Arbuthnot, "I want my son," he is manifestly sincere, and, within certain narrow limits, he is still a gentleman. Up to this point Mr. Tree has conscientiously and skilfully embodied a character from very shadowy materials, till, without the slightest warrant or warning, the laborious structure is shattered in an instant. The polished profligate is abruptly transformed into a tap-room blackguard, who offers an abominable

insult both to mother and son, and is slashed across the face in the middle of it. If there was any expectation in the author's mind that this would carry the house by storm he must have been rudely undeceived. The incident is utterly wrong, it excites nothing but disagreeable surprise, it rouses no sympathy for the insulted woman, and it completely spoils Mr. Tree's exit from the play.

Unfortunately, this is not the whole mischief. The beneficent fairy of the story is the American maiden. She listens in the background to the conversation of ladies whose philosophy of life is to "play with fire" because the artist has the joy of getting singed, while only the bungling novice is burnt up. This scene is the counterpart to the well-remembered talk of the smoking-room in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Into the midst of it surges the pent-up earnestness of New England—a very remote New England—with an appeal to the law which visits the sins of the fathers upon the children. This type of American maiden may be so rare as to claim kindred with white elephants. At all events, having found the treasure, Mr. Wilde can make nothing of her except as a rhetorical device. She is a sort of alarm of morality which rings at intervals, and ends the drama with a good resounding peal; but of character she conveys little or no idea. This is partly due to Miss Julia Neilson's inexperience, but she is not responsible for the crudity which plants her at a window in the last act for twenty minutes in the attitude of beauty waiting for the cue to strike the hour of benediction. With all its faults, "A Woman of No Importance" has some provoking merits. Its central conception is worthy of intelligent discussion, and it has a claim to be regarded as a comedy of manners. Much of it is a promenade of paradoxes, and there are numberless bypaths of epigram which lead nowhere. But one unquestionable success is the character of Lady Hunstanton, excellently played by Miss Rose Leclercq, the glib, good-natured, irresponsible, delightfully evasive woman of society, who, like the lady in Mr. Henry James's story, treats life only as a crowded staircase. The description of the ideal husband, which Mrs. Tree delivers with perfect point, would alone make the reputation of a writer of dialogue; and a play which is full of equally diverting matter is a most welcome entertainment, whatever its defects as a work of art.



Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



MR. OSCAR WILDE'S NEW PLAY, "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

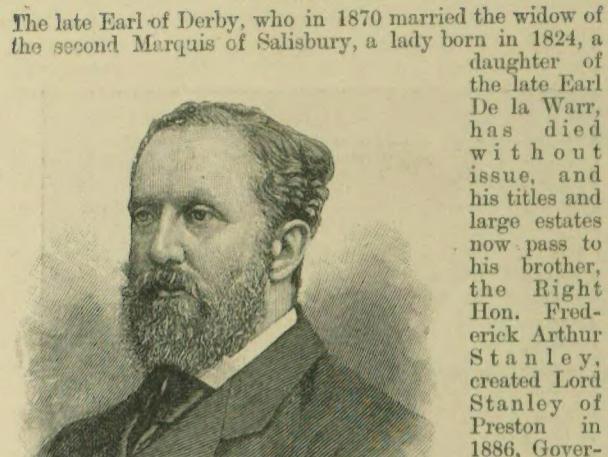
MRS. ARBUTHNOT: "Gerald, it is your father!"



THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE : WATCHING THE " CORSO DEI FIORI " FROM THE PALAZZO RICCARDI.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PERSONAL.



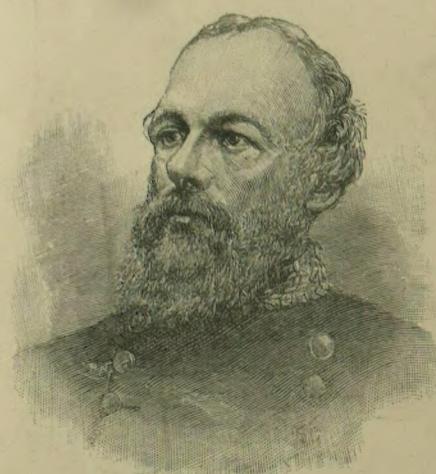
THE EARL OF DERBY
(Lord Stanley of Preston).

afterwards for North Lancashire and the Blackpool division, Secretary of State for War in 1878, for the Colonies in 1885, and President of the Board of Trade from 1886 to 1888; married to a daughter of the late Earl of Clarendon. The Earldom of Derby was conferred by King Henry VII. on Thomas, Lord Stanley, who assisted him at the battle of Bosworth, and who married that King's mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond. The Stanleys had, under the Plantagenet reigns, held important political offices, especially in Ireland, and high military commands. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

In M. Alfred Mame, the great Continental publisher, France has lost a citizen of whom she had every reason to be proud. His long life was spent in the pretty little town of Tours, under the shadow of the cathedral which his prompt action saved during the Franco-German War; for in 1870, when the German army was encamped on the heights above the town, the Prussian General sent a message to the municipal authorities signifying that he had received orders to bombard Tours if he did not receive within a short time the sum of 600,000 francs. M. Mame, without informing even his family of his intention, had himself conducted to the German camp, obtained an audience with the General, and asked him to accept his signature for the sum required. This was done, and although later a public subscription was raised in order to repay the huge sum which had been disbursed by M. Mame, he and his family had finally to bear the loss of the greater half of the £24,000. A few weeks ago M. and Madame Mame celebrated their diamond wedding amid universal rejoicing, and on this occasion they distributed £8000 (200,000 francs) to their workpeople. Among M. Mame's personal friends were all the chiefs of the Liberal Catholic party, who lose in him a staunch and generous supporter.

The death of Mr. John Addington Symonds is as great a loss to the study of purely literary history, especially that of the Italian Renaissance, with its Greek exemplars and motives or inspiration and with its effects on French manners and Elizabethan English literature, as the death of Professor Freeman was to the study of political history. As a poet, Mr. Symonds was not much more than graceful, refined, and thoughtful; as a critical essayist he has often seemed, in argumentative efforts, to lack a sound logical foundation, and his theories were not always conclusive. But his learning and diligence, shown in the most important of his works, as an historian of that period which developed mental and social forces that have not yet ceased to operate powerfully in modern Europe, demand fuller recognition. His own mind was, perhaps, rather endowed with a genial and sympathetic imagination than with the strictly critical faculty, and the idealising genius prevails in his fine "Sketches and Studies" of Italy and Greece.

The last survivor of the generals of the Army of the "Confederate" Southern States in the American Civil



THE LATE GENERAL KIRBY SMITH.

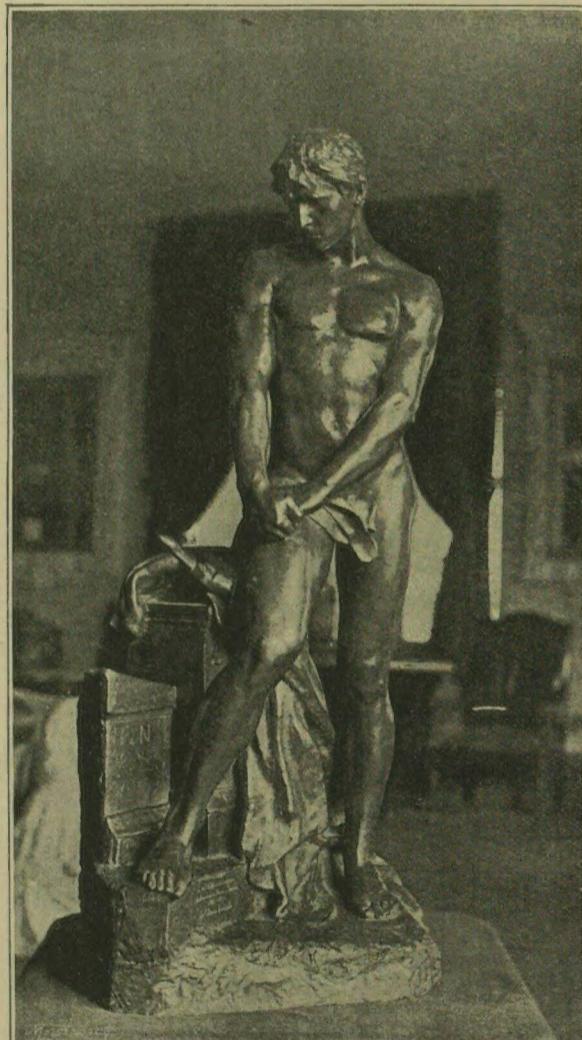
the Mexican War, where his brother was killed. In the Southern Army he rose to the rank of major-general, performed administrative services in the States west of the Mississippi, and, when the war was over, retired to peaceful avocations.

The misdemeanour perpetrated by a lady of high rank, in wilfully destroying a letter which she found among the

documents she was allowed to inspect, in the presence of witnesses, by an order of the Probate and Divorce Judge of the High Court of Justice, pending the trial of a suit in that court, has already obtained public comment. The Dowager Duchess, widow of the late George Granville William Sutherland Leveson-Gower, third Duke of Sutherland, was his second wife, married on March 4, 1889; and she is Mary Caroline, younger daughter of the Rev. Dr. Richard Michell, who was Principal of Hertford College, Oxford. She was the widow, at that date, of Mr. Arthur Kynnersley Blair, who had been an officer of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and in the Indian Civil Service. The present Duke is son of the late Duke by his first wife, who was Countess of Cromartie in her own right, and who died on Nov. 25, 1888. The suit in the Probate Court is between him and his stepmother, relating to a portion of her late husband's property.

The Dowager Duchess is punished for her offence, a "contempt of court," by a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment and a fine of £250. After the passing of this sentence she was unwell for several days, at her villa on the Thames, The Willows, near Windsor. Upon the production of a medical certificate, the order for her arrest was suspended. On Friday evening, April 21, it was duly executed by the tipstaff of the court, who brought her to London, accompanied by her brother and by her physician, Dr. Worthington. She was conveyed in a carriage and pair from the Westbourne Park Station to Holloway Jail, was consigned to the chief warden, and was seen by the medical officers of the prison, Dr. Gilbert and Dr. Pitcairn. The room in which she is confined is a large, airy one, brightly and comfortably furnished for her, on the female side of the prison. She is allowed, as a "first-class misdemeanant," special privileges, to have her meals furnished by a firm of confectioners, with the use of her own plate and wines, and with any comforts she chooses to procure; to receive the visits of her friends, and to read books and newspapers.

The French residents in London, especially those connected as managers, patrons, or subscribers with the Société



STATUE PRESENTED TO M. WADDINGTON.

Française de Bienfaisance, the French Hospital and Dispensary, the French Chamber of Commerce, the Society of French Professors and Teachers, and other institutions for the benefit of their countrymen here, on Saturday, April 22, presented a farewell address to M. Waddington, the retiring French Ambassador, whose merits are equally recognised by English public and private esteem. It was delivered to him at the French Embassy by Dr. Vintras, president of the French Hospital, in the presence of many gentlemen. The address was accompanied by the gift of a fine bronze statuette, representing "The Grief of Orestes," for which the sculptor, M. Larche, was awarded the Grand Prix de Rome. Our illustration is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Bishop Alexander of Derry, who made a remarkable speech at the Albert Hall demonstration against the Home Rule Bill, has held his see since 1867, and is in many ways a distinguished ornament of the Irish Church. His reputation as an orator was fully sustained at the Albert Hall, where he made himself heard by the whole of the vast audience, an extraordinary feat for an old man of seventy. He is an Oxford man, and has had an active literary career; he has published a considerable number of poems, and was a candidate for the chair of poetry at Oxford in the same year in which he was appointed to his diocese. He was a vigorous opponent of Disestablishment in 1869, and has the very rare distinction of having endowed his own bishopric with a permanent income of two thousand a year.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The closing hours of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill whipped up a good deal of the interest which had waned in the course of a fortnight. In this debate, Mr. Sexton contrived in some mysterious way to give a new turn to the financial argument, and he exchanged bland contradictions with Mr. Chamberlain, whom he accused of having predicted an annual war which is to cost forty millions every time for the purpose of completing the dislocation and destruction of the Irish Exchequer. Through this portion of Mr. Sexton's elaborate address the House listened with an air of respectful mystification. It was willing to admit that Mr. Sexton might be a heaven-born financier specially designed to refute the Saxon calumny that Irishmen have no genius for figures; but the calculations of Mr. Sexton were impressive without being entirely intelligible. His speech consumed nearly three hours, and on the following evening Sir Henry James spoke for two hours, and at the end Mr. Balfour had only an hour and a half, and Mr. Gladstone only an hour and ten minutes. The leader of the Opposition regretfully wasted whole sheaves of his notes, and Mr. Gladstone enumerated a number of topics he was yearning to discuss, but was compelled to pass over. I cannot conscientiously say that either of the closing speeches suffered by these compulsory omissions. There was nothing more to be said on the subjects which were dropped, and the effect of compression, in the Prime Minister, especially, was exceedingly gratifying to his audience. From first to last the speech was a marvel of compact diction, delivered with a splendour of voice and action which repeatedly carried the whole assembly away. Whether he was retorting on Mr. Balfour, or whether with a magnificent gesture he was hurling a taunt at Sir Henry James, or whether with a masterly aside he was paying a graceful compliment to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone held his listeners spellbound.

When Mr. Gladstone sat down, Mr. Bartley proposed to continue the discussion—an appalling enterprise frustrated by Mr. Morley and the closure. Then came the division, watched with eager curiosity, for there was a doubtful vote on the Ministerial side. Mr. William Saunders had discovered that a stern sense of duty behaved him, as a Home Ruler, to vote against the principle of the Home Rule Bill. His constituents it was reported, had not taken the same view, and sharp remonstrances from Walworth were sustained by energetic reproof from fellow Radicals in the House. Would Mr. Saunders' incorruptible convictions withstand the siege? The question was answered when the velvet coat of the member for Walworth was seen emerging with a slow and statesmanlike progress from the Government lobby. This repentance at the twelfth hour made the Ministerial majority forty-three, a result hailed with tremendous enthusiasm on the Liberal and Irish benches. But the Unionists, who had been greatly exhilarated by Mr. Balfour's brilliant speech, were not at all cast down by the division, though Mr. Saunders had been wrested at the last moment from the embrace of Mr. Akers-Douglas. Moreover, the Ministerial joy in the small hours of that historic Saturday morning evaporated on the following Monday afternoon. For the Budget proved a grievous disappointment to Sir William Harcourt's friends. Increased expenditure, a declining revenue, no reforms of our financial system, and a penny on the Income Tax—such, in brief, was the melancholy story. It was mitigated by the chastened grace with which Sir William—who had been meditating on the vanity of human wishes in the seclusion of the New Forest—unfolded his tale of a spiritless Excise, a lethargic tea duty, an expensive Post Office, and the capacious maw of Free Education. As for reforms, they might be all very well in a future which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was too prudent to define. If all should go happily with this Government, we should see the equalisation of the death duties, and the graduation of financial burdens generally. Meanwhile the little Radical Jack Horner must sit patiently in his corner and suck his thumb, until the time arrives for the much-postponed plum to reward his self-control. I am told that Jack Horner is wholly indisposed to accept this paternal counsel, but is cutting furious capers and putting his thumb unto his nose. The older and more staid Radicals say they will possess their souls in patience, but Mr. Bartley calls his Tory friends to witness that he is still in favour of differentiating the Income Tax, though I am bound to say they do not seem to be greatly moved by the spectacle.

It is part of the Opposition tactics to swoop down upon a member of the Government with a motion for the adjournment of the House in order to discuss his obnoxious behaviour. Mr. Bryce has had a pleasing experience of this enterprise. His action in Lancashire in regard to the magistracy has excited the wrath of the Lancashire Unionists, who denounced his appointments of Liberals to the county magistracy as a flagrant display of party spirit. Mr. Bryce, in his capacity of Chancellor of the Duchy, found the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, Lord Sefton, unwilling to accept the nomination of Liberal magistrates, and so Mr. Bryce has politely ignored Lord Sefton, and gone his own way. For this he was taken to task with great spirit by Mr. Curzon and Mr. Hanbury, who were shocked by the levity of appointing Liberals in places where the local Bench was already full of Unionists. Mr. Bryce replied that when he came into office he found gross disparity between the Unionist and Liberal magistrates in Lancashire, that he failed to see why his political opponents should monopolise the magistracy, that a county magistrate had to deal with many matters in which political prepossessions were inevitable, and that fair play could be secured only by taking care that Liberals as well as Unionists should sit in reasonable proportions on the bench. To this view the House assented by a majority of seventy-four, but Mr. Curzon is still determined to show that Mr. Bryce's figures about Southport are all wrong.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ANTI-HOME RULE MEETING IN LONDON.

On Saturday afternoon, April 22, at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, a great meeting of Irish Unionists was held in opposition to the Home Rule Bill, and to receive the Unionist delegates both from Ulster and from other parts of Ireland. The Hall was entirely filled; the Ulster delegates were seated to the right of the platform, and the other Irish delegates to the left, over twelve hundred in all. Some three hundred peers and members of the House of Commons were present, and many ladies. The whole assembly was estimated at ten or eleven thousand. On each side of the organ were trophies of flags around the shields of the four provinces—Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught; and the front of the platform was profusely decorated with flowers. As the people entered, Sir Robert Stewart, professor of music at Trinity College, Dublin, played on the organ. The Union Jack was carried up to the platform amidst great cheering. Lady Arthur Hill's song, "For Union and the Queen," was sung by Mr. Iver M'Kay, all joining in the chorus. The National Anthem was also sung, and cheers were given for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Balfour. The Duke of Abercorn took the chair, supported by the Marquis of Londonderry, the Bishop of Derry, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Castletown, Mr. Plunket, and others. After the chairman's opening speech, Sir Thomas Butler, chairman of the Irish Unionist Alliance, read a number of letters and telegrams. The Bishop of Derry (Right Rev. W. Alexander, D.D.) moved the first resolution, condemning the proposed establishment of a separate Parliament and Executive for Ireland. It was seconded by the Earl of Fingall, a Roman Catholic Irish peer, supported by Mr. R. MacGeach, of the Ulster Liberal Unionist Association, and by Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., late Attorney-General for Ireland, and carried by acclamation. A resolution to use every effort to oppose the Home Rule Bill, and to petition Parliament against it, was passed on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, seconded by Sir J. Haslett, of Belfast, and supported by Mr. E. Hall, of Cork. On the motion of Mr. J. R. Wigham, hon. secretary of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, seconded by Mr. T. Sinclair, of Belfast, a vote of thanks was given to the Duke of Abercorn for presiding.

In the evening, parties of the Irish delegates were entertained at several dinners; two hundred of them at St. James's Hall, with the Duke of Devonshire in the chair; others at the Constitutional Club, where Lord Randolph Churchill was the chairman; also at the Conservative Club, the Earl of Drogheda presiding; at the Junior Constitutional Club, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair; and at the Reform Club, by a committee of Liberal Unionist members; at the Criterion, by the National Union of Conservative Associations; and by Mr. Heaton Armstrong, at his house in Portland Place, the lords lieutenant and magistrates of Clare and Tipperary.

On Monday, April 24, the Marquis of Salisbury received

1600 of the Irish delegates at Hatfield House, where luncheon was provided in a great marquee at the head of the avenue, and the visitors were presented to their host by the Duke of Abercorn in the front courtyard. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P., and Mr. G. J. Goschen, M.P., made brief speeches. Sir T. Butler, on behalf of the Irish Unionists, thanked those right honourable gentlemen, as well as Lord Salisbury, who assured them of the winning of their cause. Colonel Sanderson, Mr. Ross, of Ulster, and Mr. T. W. Russell were "chaired," and made speeches on the lawn.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, departed from Florence on Wednesday

three unmarried daughters, on their return from the Continent.

The silver wedding festivities of the King and Queen of Italy, at Rome, have been celebrated with splendid effect and enthusiastic popular sympathy, which the presence of the German Emperor and Empress greatly enhanced, from Saturday, April 22, to the following Tuesday. They comprised a grand military review; a picturesque tournament, in the Villa Borghese grounds, where nobles and knights, in historic costume, represented four epochs of the ancient house of Savoy, from the tenth to the eighteenth century; State banquets and Court balls at the Quirinal Palace, and brilliant performances at the Opera. The Emperor William II., with the Empress, visited Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican, and were most kindly received. Their Imperial Majesties have gone to Naples.

The most serious domestic incident of the past week in England has been the alarming state of affairs at Hull, caused by the prolonged dispute between the Dock-labourers' and Seamen's and Firemen's Unions and the Shipowners' Federation. On Sunday afternoon, April 23, a fire, which is believed to have been the deed of incendiaries, destroyed property estimated at £50,000 or £60,000, and severe conflicts have occurred between the police and large gangs of men who attacked the "free" or non-union labourers imported to do the work of the shipping at the docks. The Mayor and magistrates have obtained large reinforcements of police, and the 1st King's Dragoons regiment assists to preserve the public peace.

At Belfast, also, riots and street conflicts have taken place, excited by the popular feeling against the Irish Home Rule Bill, and in the absence of the Mayor and many influential citizens who were in London with the Ulster political deputation. The Protestant workmen at the Queen's Island and other shipbuilding establishments forcibly expelled their Roman Catholic fellow-labourers, and there was some rough fighting on Shanklin Hill. The Mayor of Belfast, Sir Daniel Dixon, with other gentlemen, including the Unionist Members of Parliament for that city, immediately returned from London and exerted themselves to restore quiet, warning the people

that their violence would only injure the Unionist cause.

The London and Chartered Bank of Australia, at Melbourne, has suspended payment, and is expected to surrender its charter. The deposits amount to six millions and a half sterling, of which three millions are held in Great Britain, the remainder in Australia. The bank has thirty-seven branches in Victoria, sixteen in New South Wales, and five in Queensland. The London court of directors consists of Sir J. F. Garrick, Q.C., K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Queensland; Mr. A. C. Garrick, Mr. John Henderson, Mr. J. Q. Henriques, Mr. E. Kepp, Mr. R. Landale, Mr. J. Paterson, and Mr. R. Rome. The suspension was not unexpected, and the run on the bank has been very heavy during the last ten days. The bank has not made any application for assistance, although the Government and other banks were willing to afford it. The management have already drafted a scheme of reconstruction.



ANTI-HOME RULE MEETING AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE BISHOP OF DERRY SPEAKING.

"Morally, it is the great betrayal. Logically, it is the great fallacy. Socially, it is the great break-up. Imperially, it is the great break-down."

day afternoon, April 26, on her journey direct home to England by the Flushing route. During the last week of the Queen's sojourn at the Villa Palmieri, she has, accompanied either by Princess Beatrice or Princess Louise, enjoyed several pleasant excursions in Tuscany; on April 19 going by special train to Poggibonsi and visiting San Gimignano and Certaldo; and on April 24 her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses inspected the church and monastery of San Marco, in Florence, associated with the life of Savonarola. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went as far as Siena. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice of Hesse were among the Queen's visitors at the Villa Palmieri.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, April 24, held a Levée on behalf of her Majesty at St. James's Palace.

The Duke of Edinburgh, whose residence at Devonport as Naval Commander-in-chief is about to terminate, has been rejoined there by the Duchess of Edinburgh and her



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE BEACONSFIELD STATUE, WESTMINSTER, ON PRIMROSE DAY.

THE REBEL . QUEEN

BY
WALTER. BESANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place.—*Browning.*



T was morning—the morning after the storm. Calm—a sweet and holy calm—followed the storm. The only signs of the recent tempest were shown in the downcast eyes and shame-faced cheek with which Nelly busied herself among the cups. Emanuel sat silent, full of thought—who would tell him of such a trifle as a woman's jealous fury and a woman's love? Francesca in her morning greeting tried to throw forgetfulness over the last night's scene, but she succeeded imperfectly.

The silent breakfast was finished. Emanuel rose as if to leave the girls, but changed his mind, and turning to Francesca began to talk. And the talk became a discourse, and the discourse became a sermon—and the sermon ended with a discovery and a gift—the reverse of an offertory. Why should not the preacher if he chooses preach among the tea-cups?

He plunged at once into the subject.

"You saw," he said, "on Saturday at Synagogue and Sunday in that street—perhaps for the first time in your life—perhaps you understood what you saw—but I think not—the faces of a fallen people. Nothing fills me with so much sadness as to walk and talk among these unfortunate exiles of Poland and Russia, and to mark the degradation of the type."

"They looked very miserable," said Francesca.

"Their degradation is stamped upon their faces, on their figures, on their bearing, in the very tones of their voices. Take the face—the mean, insignificant face—mark the low cunning in their eyes; you cannot choose but to despise the face. But find some pity for him who owns it. Try if you can to restore that face to its original type."

"What is that type? I cannot restore it unless I know it."

"Every face, however distorted, may be made to show the original mould from which it has been disfigured. The mould of those poor little Polish Jewish faces is not unlike your own."

"Oh! but I am not a Jewess."

"We will speak of that presently."

Emanuel left the table and began to pace the room, as if motion helped him to put his thought into speech, stopping from time to time to deliver his message. Nelly bent over her cups and saucers, and made no sign of attending at all. Francesca sat with folded hands, answering only when the speaker seemed to expect some word of reply.

"The original mould of the face," he went on, "was the

same as your own. What that mould actually was when it left the Creator's hand—how perfect—how beautiful it was—no man can comprehend. We are commanded not to make any graven image, or to worship any graven image. Why? Because so wonderful is the power of the human face and the human form, even imperfect and degraded, so marvellously do they set forth and proclaim the spirit that lies beneath, that long ago, were it not for this law, we should have stayed the growth of the soul by an imperfect comprehension of the body. We cannot understand, we cannot realise, the first and perfect face of Man. This the Rabbis, in their wisdom, signified when they feigned fables about Adam's colossal stature. Think of it, Francesca. According to our belief, the first man was made after the image of the Creator. He, therefore, who can understand the face and form of the first man, is as near unto the Creator as Adam himself. His face was changed by the Fall. But something of the Majesty Divine was left upon it, to reappear in the faces of the Prophets. Between the face of Adam and the face of the little starving Polish Jew, how great a gulf! Perhaps," he added, critically, "the nearest approach to that type remains, as I have said before, in such a face as yours, Francesca."

"Oh! But this is too great a thing to say." Francesca blushed, though it was not an idle compliment. "Why in my face more than in yours, Emanuel?"

"Because you are a woman and a maiden pure and holy. But never mind yourself: think only of that type—the true face that belongs to the Chosen People. Draw up in array before you all the types in the world—the English, the French—but there is no French type—the Spanish, the Italian,

the Russian, the Red Indian—everybody. Take the noblest form of each and compare it with the noblest form of our face. Refine and raise that face. Make it fit for the highest spiritual level which you are capable of understanding, and you will begin to approach to the original type from which this poor Polish face has fallen. There are two theories: one of man fallen to rise again after many struggles; the other of man advancing—whither? Both end in the same: the Achievement, or the Recovery of the Man made after the image of God. The story of Adam may be an allegory or it may be exact history. In either case the lesson is the same. In one theory Man's face, like his spiritual nature, has changed so as to be hardly recognised; in the other, it is slowly changing from the lower to the higher types. I prefer the theory of the fallen Man. I look to see his face become again, more and more, however slowly, the face of Man before he fell."

"And you mean that all these poor creatures whom I saw on Sunday ought to bear that face? They are far enough from it now."

"They are indeed. But take the face of one." He took out a pocket-book and rapidly sketched a face. By the dexterous placing of a line here and a curve there he produced a face which for meanness, servility, and abject degradation was fearful and wonderful to contemplate. It seemed the lowest depth possible. "No," said the artist, "there are lower depths still. See now." What was it—a touch to the lips, a curved line—which gave that face the seal of the People? "We are not so low down as this yet. Some of us have been sinking into this hell—but I think we shall sink no lower. Nay, we are rising out of it. The face is beginning to



For at that moment Francesca saw, with her own eyes, what she had never seen before, plainly set upon her own face, the Seal of her own People!

go back again with the new freedom of the race. Francesca, for more than a thousand years this race has been cowering within the city walls. Only within the walls of the city has there been any safety for them. They were forbidden to hold land, to study, to practise any profession, to join other men in any pursuit: the most ignoble trades were assigned to them; abject humility was exacted of them; they were made to live in a separate quarter; on the slightest pretext they were robbed, tortured, and murdered. For more than a thousand years, I say, ever since they began to live in French and German towns, they were so treated. They were always poor, abject, despised, the victims of countless insults. When you see again such faces as you saw on Sunday, Francesca, remember that they are produced by thirty generations of persecution—relentless—persistent—such as the history of the world cannot parallel. No pen has ever adequately treated the sufferings of our People: no race has ever endured so much and survived so much. ‘How long, O Lord?’ Hear the cry of thirty generations!—‘How long, O Lord, how long?’

“Look at this face,” he resumed, after a pause. “You see what it is, and how it has become what it is. Suppose the long line of generations began with the noblest face that ever graced the earth, what would it become after these thousand years of such debasement? What would it become, I ask you? Nay, that you have seen—let us ask, rather, what it may become. See!”

Then with a few touches of his pencil he began, little by little, to restore that fallen and degraded face. “See, Francesca. Here is this man’s great-grandfather. He is a poor creature, is he not? You saw the like of this man on Sunday morning keeping a stall for the sale of shirts at a shilling apiece. A poor creature, yet better than his grandson has become under similar conditions. Here is his great-grandfather—we have gone back five hundred years. His head is larger, his look more noble, but full of sadness. Here is one of the same stock; he was murdered by the first Crusaders on their march across Germany. The time is almost the beginning of the Ghetto and the slavery. He holds his head erect; he has not yet lost his dignity; you would think him some stout burgomaster. The face has regained a something—has it not?—of the finer mould. Here again you have the ancestor of your poor little decayed Jew in the time of the Romans; he is a learned Rabbi, one who fiercely divides the Law. Perhaps his name is the Rabbi Akiba, whose living body will presently be torn to pieces by iron hooks.”

“It is a noble face,” said Francesca. “But, Emanuel, it is your own.”

That was so. In tracing back the debased features to their original type, Emanuel unconsciously produced a rough portrait of himself.

“Is it mine?” he asked, smiling. “Then it is yours, too. See. Here is the feminine form of this type.”

It was, and Francesca saw her own face beside Emanuel’s. “It is strange,” she said. “But the Moors are Arabs—Western Arabs—and the Arabs are the children of Ishmael.”

“The type is that of the warrior—the commander—the conqueror. Remember, child, that the Israelite was a warrior. He fought, he conquered, he settled down—the conqueror among the conquered, who tilled the fields for him. The Israelite in all ages has loved power above all things; his greatest punishment, therefore, has been his state of poverty and weakness. He who above all things longs for power—who would be lord and king, has been reduced to the level of the lowest slave. Hence those faces that you saw. Now they will recover their ancient form. Everywhere, except in Russia, the world is open to our people; we are free to develop as we choose. The reproach that we live for money-getting will gradually cease. Our better spirits everywhere strive for better things. Not in a day, or a year, or a century, will the character of a people be changed, for to destroy the walls of the Ghetto is not to transform the residents. But how many of us already have stepped into the free air outside, and know a larger life! Already, I think, the faces show signs of a return. Child”—his voice sank—“I tell you a new thing. When we speak of our ancestors we speak of ourselves; when we speak of our descendants we speak of ourselves. I will show this to you at another time—the life that your father and your grandfather lived is stamped upon your face: you will transmit to your children your own history—the history of your deeds and your thoughts. Watch the crowds that pass along the street: consider the dull and heavy faces of most even of the young men—they show the dull and sensual lives of the father and the grandfather. One or two more such lives and they sink to a lower stage: they plunge into the depths, where they lie in the hell like sheep for the third and fourth generation. As is the face, so has been the life. As is the father’s life so is the son’s face. It is a careless world, child: the living think not of the dead: nor do they praise the memory of those who saved them from those lower depths. Look at me, child—face to face—full face—So—Yes—your father was a man of thought and study—perhaps your grandfather as well.”

“My father was a man of science. His father and his grandfather—all the race—were scholars and men of science.”

“So I could read in your face, Francesca. Well, consider the People a little more. On Saturday last you saw the most ancient worship now existing in the world. Without that worship the People would long ago have been dissolved and mixed with the nations around them, as the Franks were dissolved and mixed with the Gauls, and the Romans with the tribes around them. That worship keeps us together. It has been hedged around and protected by the greatest jealousy: the most minute rules have been framed for its preservation; it is our bond of union. All over the world on the Sabbath the same prayers are chanted, the same Law is read. In some little humble synagogue of an Abyssinian village the poor Jews—the Falashas—gather for this same service as their brothers in a stately Temple here or in Paris. It is the ritual of our religion that keeps us together. The Christians, too,

have their religion: has it availed to keep them together? The Moslem has his religion: does it bind together in bond of brotherhood the Sunnite and the Shiite?”

“I heard your service for the first time on Saturday last.”

“Our service, as perhaps you understood, is a Celebration and a Rejoicing. It celebrates the grand Triumphal March of Man under the guidance of the Cloud by day and the Pillar of Fire by night. There is nowhere else—in no other religion—to be found a service fuller of rejoicing and of Faith. The Christian’s is a service of abasement. Every act of worship with him belongs to the Day of Atonement. He trembles before the Judge. The Jew feels no such terror. To the Day of Atonement belongs the humiliation of the sinner; to the Sabbath belong the singing and rejoicing of the children in the presence of the Father. You could not fail to recognise that rejoicing in the service, though you knew not the words.”

“Yes, it was full of joy.”

“It is this service which binds us together. As for our religion, it rules every action of our daily lives; it gives us a common ritual for every day. We are never left without the Law; it is with us from the moment that we rise to the moment that we fall asleep; none of us can live without the Law. It is objected that the Jew is bound by useless and trifling rules: so many prayers to be said on such and such an occasion, so many benedictions every day to be pronounced, so many laws to obey. Very well. Why all these details? When the Law was given it was to a rude and ignorant people; they had to be separated from all other nations and kept separate. The only way to effect this was by a code of laws which should make them feel every day and every moment that they were so separated. They must be bound so tightly that there should be no escape. Some of the rules are trifling, yet it is by trifles that habits are formed. There are six hundred laws which the Jewish boy must learn: it seems a needless multiplication of laws, but every law is another rope that binds the People together, and by daily practice these laws become a part of the boy’s nature: he obeys until he cannot choose but obey. By the daily Law, by the weekly services, as well as by the persecution of his People the Jew has remained a Jew. Heap miseries upon him: pour contempt over him: cover him with shame: he remains a Jew, obedient to the Law all the week and triumphant, always triumphant, on the Sabbath.”

Francesca inclined her head—without speaking.

“These miseries—this contempt—have been heaped upon the heads of a People to whom the world owes everything that has lifted it out of the mire. Think what the Christians are now, and what they have done compared with the followers of Buddha, Mohammed, or Confucius. Yet they owe everything—what they are and what they have done—to the nation they persecute. Try to imagine what would the world be were the Hebrew books destroyed and forgotten and all their influence expunged from the civilisation and thought of the world. Imagine, if you can, the English-speaking race, the most religious in the world except ourselves—because they have assimilated our Books—without the Psalms of David, the Wisdom of Solomon, and the imagery, the poetry, reached by no other poetry in the world, of our Prophets. Our Commandments give the Christians a rule of conduct; our Law gives him a day of rest—that priceless gift—all the virtues of the Puritan, his courage, his obstinacy, his morality, came straight from us. What would the English Milton be without our literature? What the English Shakspere? More—much more—the world may still receive from our Law if it will. There are a hundred things in our Law which the world would do well to adopt and to obey. You do not even know your own law. Take the Year of Release. Have you ever heard of it? Do you know what it means, the Year of Release? On that year all debts were to be cancelled. He who had pledged his lands received them back; the slave was set free, the debtor was discharged. This was our Law. Devise, if you can, any better means of repressing the greed of riches and preventing oppression than the Year of Release. Again, the world will some day receive our Law concerning food fit for man. We obey that Law. As a consequence we live longer, and are more free from disease than any other race. I have heard of the Patriarch whom you visited yesterday. He is a Jew: he is a hundred and three years of age. It is not wonderful to me that he has lived so long, because he is a Jew. The Christian dies at seventy: the Jew lives to a hundred years.”

Again he paused. Francesca made no interruption. He walked about the room for a minute or two, thinking. Then he began again upon a different branch of this great subject.

“We have been a great people in the past. We shall become a greater people in the future. I have spoken only of the Hebrew Scriptures which rule the western world. All that the Christians know of the Jews is what they read of them in our sacred books which they call their own. But there is another part of the Jewish history of which the world knows nothing. We were dispersed, but we were not everywhere persecuted and humbled. We found homes around the Mediterranean, beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, in India, even in China. All the learning of the Babylonian schools belonged to us. The civilisation of the Persians was ours. For a thousand years we had our king in Babylonia, the Prince of the Captivity; for six hundred years there was a great Jewish kingdom in South Arabia; our scholars, none other—kept alight the lamp of learning. But for us even the literature of Greece and Rome would have perished. Our people—my ancestors and yours—were statesmen, physicians, astronomers, scholars to the Moorish kings of Spain; even at Oxford there were Halls—Moses Hall, Lombard Hall, Jacob Hall—where our Rabbis taught Hebrew to Christian scholars.” Now, as he spoke, his eyes lit up, his cheek glowed; he was carried out of himself, and he carried with him the soul of the girl who listened, with glowing cheek and parted lips and eyes filled with a new and strange light. For this man held her with the triple spell of voice and eyes and intensity of

earnestness. Never before had she encountered a man of earnestness so deep and faith so profound. Faith? This child of no religion had never before met with any faith at all.

“Think,” he went on, “of the great men of modern times; what nation in the world can boast a greater string of names than ours? Think of Maimonides, Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Heine, Philipsohn, Oppert, Jessel, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Rachel, Grisi, Bernhardt, Sylvester, Disraeli—why with what a leap and a bound do they step to the front when the wall of the Ghetto is thrown down! Poet, lawyer, painter, actor, statesman, physician, musician—there is not a branch of learning, art or science in which the Jew is not in the front rank. The thousand years of oppression have left no mark upon his mighty spirit. He steps from the lowest depths, where all the world flings mud upon him, straight to the front, and he stands there. ‘Behold!’ he says. ‘Thus and thus have I done. Give me, too—me—a place among the immortals! Other races have been persecuted and despised. What have they done? Nothing. Parsee, Czech, Basque, Wend, Celt, Cagot—what have they done? Nothing—Nothing. It is not for nothing alone in our degradation that we were the Chosen People. Wait—this is but a beginning—wait some fifty years. Then the reign of the Jew will begin. First in Western Europe: then in America. He will control the finance of the world, and he will lead in literature and all the Arts. For as we have been brought so low in the day of humiliation we shall be exalted so high in the hour of triumph.”

He paused. He had been speaking, without apparent excitement, in a low voice. But his eyes were flashing when he stopped.

Francesca bowed her head. She could not tell him how much his words had moved her.

He sat down beside the table. He leaned his head upon his hand, and he spoke in an altered voice. “To me also,” he said, “it has been given that I should do a great thing. Yes—to me. It is so great a thing that I am oppressed with it. I brought it here—to London. I would give it, I thought, to my friend, Harold. To the young man who loves you. It shall be his—the glory of it and the fame of it if he chooses. To me it is enough to know that this great thing—the great thing—this most wonderful thing—should have been discovered by one of the race of Spinoza and Maimonides. I will tell you, Francesca, when I tell Harold—because he loves you.

He was silent awhile. Then he rose and stood over her, and said, quietly. “Why is my daughter ashamed of her own People?”

“But I am not one of the People, Emanuel. You are all determined to turn me into a Jewess. I suppose I have something of the Jewish look. I have heard men in Paris say as I passed, ‘Elle est Juive.’ It is the Oriental look. I have told you already, Emanuel, I am a Spanish Moor.”

“Who taught you that story?”

“My mother. My father, who is dead, was a Moor by descent. The family rose to great things in Spain; they held offices of State: they were rich: they were ennobled. It is said, but I know not how far this is true, that, though they openly conformed to the Catholic Faith they remained secretly Mohammedans.”

“Why,” said Emmanuel, “all this proves what I say. There were never any secret Mohammedans, but there were Jews in secret, families which for generations secretly practised the rites of their old religion, obeyed the six hundred rules, read the Book of the Law once every week, and held the Feasts and the Fasts. And they were never discovered: or, as some say, they were so highly placed that none dared to discover them. One such family was my own. Another, I believe, was yours. Tell me—your mother taught you to call yourself a Spanish Moor. Is she, then, a devout Catholic?”

“No. She belongs to no religion, and goes to no place of worship at all.”

“Then you have no brother or sister. What do your cousins say?”

“I have no cousins at all. I am alone in the world, except for my mother.”

“No cousins at all? Had your father no cousins? Had your mother no cousins? Were both of them actually the last of their race? This would be most wonderful, that a man, the last of his race, with no kin at all, should marry a woman the last of her race with no kin at all.”

“I do not understand what you mean, Emanuel,” she replied, changing colour.

“You have no cousins. It is all quite plain. Either your father or your grandfather, for some reasons of his own—let us not inquire—left his People. When he left them he left his religion, his friends and his brothers, sisters, cousins and all. What does it mean that you have no cousins? That your father left his People, that you have been taught to call yourself a Spaniard—which is true—without doubt—and a Spanish Moor, which is, perhaps true, in so far as your People, like my own, may have been in the Peninsula ever since the occupation of the Moors. But, Francesca, you are a Jewess. My child, you are a Jewess—a Jewess!”

“No; it is impossible. Why should my own mother deceive me?”

“Because, doubtless she was herself deceived. Moor or Spaniard matters nothing. The intention was that the separation should be complete. You were never to know even that your descent was from this People, so illustrious and so persecuted.”

“No. It is impossible,” Francesca repeated. But her face turned pale, and her eyes spoke of doubt.

“You were born, like the rest of the world, into a whole family of cousins, with common kith and kin and a common history. You have not been allowed to know of their existence. You were placed in the world quite alone, because even a mother cannot supply the companions of your own age and your own kith. What has been the result, the effect of this isolation upon you? Why are you here, sitting with us? The

world has become to you like some unreal show, a mummery, a masque enacted for you to look down upon from your hotel windows. You have told me this. Nothing was real to you, because you were separated from the world. Thus are the laws of Nature vindicated. Thus was a noble woman in danger of being ruined. Spanish Moor? Oh! Vain delusion! There are no Spanish Moors; Spanish Jews there are in plenty; the Sephardim are a multitude. I am one; Nelly, this child, who is by real name Preciada, is one; Clara, her cousin, is one; and their ancient great-grandfather is one; and, Francesca, you are one. Nay," for Francesca shuddered and shrank back with pale cheeks, "do not be ashamed, child. I have shown you that we are a People—a great People—with a glorious past and a glorious future. I have shown you what we have done for the world, and I have shown you what was once and will be again the type of the Chosen People. You are still ashamed?"

"I think of that poor degraded face, Emanuel. I am ashamed to be ashamed. But yet—oh! it is impossible. Why should I be deceived?"

"There is one thing more. I do not know whether it will move you. Yet the love of ancient descent is an instinct with us. Remember that there is no nation in the world which can show genealogies so long. The Bourbons and the Hapsburgs are but as mushrooms compared with us. It is fifteen hundred years since my forefather who had wandered all the way from Babylon set foot on the shores of Spain: we have our genealogy preserved through all those years. There is no Royal House in Western Europe that can go back in line unbroken for so long. It is a line of scholars and men of science. My House—perhaps yours as well—is more ancient than any of Christian Europe. Yet even at the time when that ancestor arrived in Spain his House was ancient and even royal: for he was a son, or grandson, of the Resh Gelutha himself—the Prince of the Captivity—the King of the Babylonian Jews. Nay, he was also a descendant of King David himself. When your grandfather or your father left his People, he left his brothers and his cousins; he abandoned pride of birth and pride of race; he gave up the old histories and the old associations—to an apostate Jew what would it help even to belong to the line of the House of David?"

"Emanuel," Francesca pleaded, "how can I believe what you say? I have always, since my birth, believed that I was a Moor."

"For some reason, which I know not, you have been deceived. My child, I will prove to you that you are one of us. The proof is on your forehead. The Lord, when He chose this People, set upon their face a seal which can never, by any art or invention or artifice, be disguised or concealed. I have known all the various races of Jews in the world: the black Jews of India; the Falashas of Abyssinia, who followed Menclek, the son of Solomon; the Jews of Morocco, descendants of those who were expelled from Spain; the Jews of Germany, Russia, and Turkey; the Jews with fair hair and blue eyes—you yourself have brown hair and blue eyes—as I had when I was young; the strong and handsome Spanish Jew; the stunted Polish Jew. Nowhere yet have I seen, nowhere can be seen, any Jew without that stamp upon his face."

"Yet I was always taught"—Francesca objected again, but feebly.

"Yes, yes; I have answered that, and now I will show you the seal. With your own eyes you shall see how plainly it is set upon your forehead so that all the world can read. It is a sign of pride and exultation if you choose to make it so. It is a sign of shame if you choose to make it so. Now get up." Francesca obeyed. "Stand before that looking-glass"—there was one over the mantelshelf—he looked at the girl whom both had forgotten. She was still bending over the teacups, idly playing with a spoon, her thoughts far away from the discourse, like the thoughts of a boy in church. "Nelly, child, you have not been listening. Your mind is with your heart. But my talk was for Francesca. Stand up, my dear, and place yourself with Francesca before the glass. So; now look, Francesca."

"Why," cried Nelly, obeying, "it's wonderful! Oh! she's just like you, Emanuel. Push your hair back a little. It's wonderful! She is as like you as two pins! I never saw such a likeness. She might be your daughter."

"And she might be your sister, Nelly, from her likeness to you. What do you see, Francesca?"

"I see an Oriental look common to all three faces. I have seen such a look in the faces of Arabs at Damascus and at Cairo. We are all Orientals. I have seen it in the Moors of Tangiers. Yet you do not count the Moors as your People."

"As for me, I see the Seal of the Chosen People. If the word Jewess was written on your forehead in plain character, it could not be more distinct."

"What is it like, your Seal?"

"On the common face it is a common sign. It is stamped on lips, on nose, or on eyes. On such a face as yours, Francesca, it is neither on your lips nor in your eyes. I

something of that Divine light lingers as it falls upon some of our faces. It lies on yours, child; you are glorified by its presence. Francesca, are you still ashamed?"

"No—no—no," she replied, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I shall never be ashamed again. Oh! my heart is full. What shall I say to my mother? Oh! what have you done for me, Emanuel? What have you done for me?"

"I have given you back to your own People," he repeated. "Henceforth you shall be no more alone. I do not expect, child, that you will return to the Synagogue which you have never known. You will marry a Christian." Francesca shook her head. "Yes, it is your fate. You will marry Harold. But you must remember always that you are one of us; you must never be ashamed of us; you must think the best of us—when you next go amongst the poor degenerate children of Persecution you must think of the race to which they belong, and the type from which they are descended. Daughter"—he held out both his hands, and his eyes filled and his sight was dim—"come back—come back to your own People. You will not return to the Ancient Faith, but you must learn to love the Ancient Race, even in its poorest and meanest children."

She took his hands. "Yes," she said. "I will learn to respect the People. Why is the world so full of contempt for Us—for Us?" she repeated. "We are a great People. The world owes everything to Us—to Us! Why has it come to despise Us—Us? Emanuel, I will learn to love my own People. I must think about it all. It is too much to learn, all in a moment, all in one morning. But oh! I have seen the Seal, and the Splendour and the Glory of the Seal."

Emanuel laid his hand upon her head, as if with a benediction. Then he went out of the room, softly shutting the door after him.

Francesca sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, her heart beating, her face aglow, filled with new thoughts and new interests.

Nelly began to make up for lost time by washing up the breakfast things vigorously. She said nothing to Francesca until her task was finished.

"Come," she said. "You must not sit there all the morning, Francesca. Why, he's only told you what we knew all along. Clara knew it. I knew it. Father knew it."

"But I did not know it, Nelly." Francesca rose with a tearful smile. "And, perhaps, I am, after all, the chief person to be considered."

"Oh! of course. And now, Francesca—oh! I've been burning to speak. I thought he would never go. I must tell you. Francesca, I've made up my mind. I can't live without my boy. I have forgiven him. It is all settled. Oh! Francesca"—for her face was coldly pre-occupied—"you don't care a bit. I did think, after last night, you would have cared. Oh! you'd rather go on listening to his sermon."

"No, no, Nelly." Francesca returned to the parlour and the breakfast tray, and to Nelly's love-story. "Let us talk about it. Only you see I was thinking—I was thinking of the Prince of the Captivity and the Royal House of David. I was thinking of the Splendour and the Glory of the Seal. I was looking upwards, Nelly, at the Pillar of Fire."

To be continued.)

The licensed victuallers of Portsmouth having determined to test the feelings of the townsmen as to the Government Liquor Traffic (Local Control) Bill, instituted a canvass of the burgesses, with the result that 4113 voted for the Bill, 13,519 against it, 5036 were neutral, and 3200 had removed or were absent at sea.

Islington has determined to follow the example of St. Pancras with regard to the supply of electric light. The Vestry has adopted the report of its committee to put into operation the "Islington Electric Lighting Order, 1893," to establish a central station for the parish, with an installation capable of supplying 20,000 lamps of eight-candle power and eighty arc lamps for street lighting. The Vestry will borrow £60,000 to provide the required site and plant.

She took his hands. "Yes," she said. "I will learn to respect the People."

cannot say what it is or where it is. But on your face, as on mine, the Lord has set His mark."

"Of course everybody can see it," said Nelly; "we have all known it from the very first."

Then suddenly—lo!—a miracle!

For at that moment Francesca saw, with her own eyes, what she had never seen before, plainly set; upon her own face, the Seal of her own People! Was this man a magician who could not only read her mind and fill her with new thoughts, but could also reveal to her the thing that had been hidden from her birth? Nay, it became revealed to her as a Seal of Glory. For the simulacrum of her face in the glass changed, it seemed lit up with a new brightness; a new joy danced in her eyes; a new dignity sat upon her forehead; a new smile lay upon her lips; a new and softer glow lay upon her cheek.

"Oh!" she cried, catching Emanuel by the hand. "What have you done? What have you said? Oh! I see it—I see it. Oh! Why have I never seen it before? Emanuel! It brightens my face! It lifts my heart! Emanuel, what have you done?"

"I have shown you that you are a daughter of the People who have been led at their darkest always by the Pillar of Fire;





ARZILAH.



THE GREAT MOSQUE, TANGIER.



CAPE SPARTEL.



THE CITY OF TANGIER



ON THE ATLANTIC SHORE.



THE SULTAN'S PALACE, TANGIER.



A SOLDIER.



A BERBER WOMAN.



SANTAL TALES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Forty years ago, few things could seem more unlikely than that a Free Church missionary to the heathen should collect and publish their old wives' fables or popular tales. But now the more learned and judicious missionaries feel that it is their duty to make us understand their dusky flocks, as well as to make their dusky flocks understand us. Perhaps the former is the easier task, for if a Santal clearly perceives the difference between the Auld Kirk, the Free Kirk, and the U.P. Kirk, he must be an unusually intelligent man. Whether the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the Free Church of Scotland Santal Mission, has enlightened the Santals on these points or not, at least he has printed a number of "Santal Popular Tales" at the Santal Mission Press, Pokhuria. The book is a boon to the student of stories, for the Santals are an "aboriginal" hill tribe, not Aryan, and very shy of intercourse with the whites of all shades, from Hindoo to Highlander. It might be expected, therefore, that their stories would be original and peculiar; but, on the other hand, they are, with local differences of manners and colour, very much like our old friends the fairy tales of Europe. When Mr. Max Müller was first busied with these topics, he believed, if I remember rightly, that tales were never borrowed by one people from another. But this opinion can scarcely be held any longer in face of the evidence. Thus, "The Magic Lamp," among the remote and shy Santals, is merely Aladdin's Lamp, slightly altered in the telling from the familiar version in "The Arabian Nights." There are differences in detail: the Santal Aladdin is made by his feigned uncle to blow on a pyre of wood till it bursts into a flame. The measuring of money in a bushel is carried into the story from that of "The Forty Thieves." But the lamp, ring, and genii, or fairy, play their usual parts, and nobody can doubt that the Santals have heard, or perhaps, if instructed, have read, "The Arabian Nights." "The Jhore and the Jhore" is, again, one of the common tales of the accidental successes of a weak-minded person; the details are peculiarly Santal, but the fundamental idea is easily recognised. "The Boy and his Stepmother" is a variant of the male Cinderella or Cinderellus, much like that which occurs among the Kaffirs in South Africa. The boy, oppressed by his stepmother, is fed by a friendly cow, which produces dainties from her horns, as the bull in "The Black Bull o' Norroway" does from his "lugs." In place of a shoe which only fits Cinderella, we find a long hair of the boy's drifted down stream. A rajah's daughter will marry no one but the owner of the long hair. This incident, with a woman for the owner of the long locks that the river carries, is found in the ancient Egyptian story of "The Two Brothers," which was actually written down in hieroglyphs perhaps fifteen hundred years before our era. The Santal tale "ends badly." The boy loses his long locks, and the princess declines to marry a bald boy. The tale is obviously of the Cinderella type, with a friendly beast—as in the Highlands—in the place of a fairy godmother, and with suppression of the jealous sisters. How the old Egyptian incident reached the Santals, who certainly do not read M. Maspero's "Contes Egyptiens," or how the Santal incident reached the Egyptians about 1500 B.C., and how the incident of the friendly cow or bull came to arise among the Scotch, the Kaffirs, and the Santals, is one of the mysteries of folk-lore. If we could explain these facts the secret of the Sphinx would be revealed. Were the ideas independently invented, or has there been prehistoric "swapping of stories" among peoples so extremely distant and unrelated? Can the gipsies have been the colporteurs of the ideas? Why are the stories most closely akin among South African tribes and the dark hill tribe of Santals? In the story of "Kara and Guja" a demon has been killed. An impostor says that he is the slayer of the demon; the true heroes produce his claws and tongue, and so establish their claim. The idea is common in European legend, but the details are Santal. The idea, however, is one of those which probably might occur to the minds of story-tellers everywhere. An incident of a tailless tiger, and the efforts of tigers to climb a tree by standing on each other's shoulders, is peculiarly Indian. The story, again, of the king who was taught by a serpent the language of animals, and whose knowledge is discovered by his inquisitive queen, is familiar in "The Arabian Nights," as well as in many other versions; and probably "The Arabian Nights" is here the source from which the

Santals borrowed. "The Story of Bitaram" is entirely Santalised in detail: but Bitaram is only the Santal Tom Thumb, and he has a Zulu counterpart; while the adventures of the infant Hermes, in the Homeric hymn, give a highly polished Greek version of a similar set of ideas. In all versions we have the miraculous feats of a baby, or of a boy only a span long, like Bitaram. The theme is the triumph of intellect in a puny body.

harp of the ballad, "Binnorie, oh, Binnorie," arrive among a hill tribe and become "The Magic Fiddle"? The world is old, and tales have wandered far; that is, perhaps, the only conclusion. We seem unable to discover a people so remote and exclusive that it has not "swapped" stories with other distant nations in the long course of time past. "Seven Brothers and their Sister" is the most peculiarly Indian tale here. Yet the incident of the changed life, the drowned girl becoming a flower, and then a girl again, is as old as ancient Egypt. It is a pity that Mr. Campbell's excellent book is not more generally accessible; if he publishes it in England he might add more information to his too brief and modest preface.

THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

The recent dedication of the Temple in Salt Lake City closes another chapter in the history of Mormonism. It is true that the Tabernacle, which was described long ago, is no mere temporary structure, like that of the Jews. The Tabernacle, though of wooden construction, will seat twenty thousand people, and contains a very fine organ. But the Temple, on the other hand, serves rather as a cathedral monument of the Mormon religion. Its foundations were laid nearly fifty years ago, and it has just been completed. Its architecture, externally, is grand and stately. The highest tower is surmounted by a gigantic gilt archangel, with a trumpet instead of the usual cross. The Temple is built of white granite, brought from Cottonwood Cañon, a distance of about fifty miles. The stone is well tooled, the joints even, and the workmanship throughout very good; so that in the clear atmosphere of the Rockies it ought to require no repairs for centuries. The extreme length is 200 ft., the width 100 ft., and the height 200 ft., the thickness of the walls being 10 ft. The interior is divided into rooms for various administrative purposes, as the regular Sunday afternoon services will continue to be held in the Tabernacle, which has double the area but only half the height of the Temple. The heating apparatus and the electric lighting are of the most modern description. One of our Illustrations, from a photograph taken in April last year, is that of a man on the great stone ball at the top of the north-west tower, 185 ft. above the ground, attending to the electric light, which is supplied by eight large incandescent lamps, each

of one hundred-candle power, erected around a spiral column of metal above the huge brass coronet. These lights, which can be seen thirty miles around, were planned and constructed by Mr. E. G. Holding, electrician, of Salt Lake City, brother to Mr. T. H. Holding, of London. In the same enclosure with the Temple and the Tabernacle is the Assembly Hall. This building seats 2500; it is arranged like a church with pews and galleries. Services for Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans are held in it on Sunday mornings, when they are addressed by Mormon preachers of their own nationalities. It is also used for Sunday schools, and on weekdays for concerts and lectures. The population of Salt Lake City is now over 56,000.

The streets are wide, none less than 120 ft.; most of them have the foot-paths bordered with trees and a stream of running water on each side. There are several large stores, the most important being the "Zion's Co-operative Stores," which are large and well-stocked, but the prices charged are, as might be expected, very high. The banks are almost entirely in Gentile hands. The hotels and shops are quite equal to those of Denver or other western cities. The private residences are detached, each standing in about an acre of ground; while many are of the modern villa type, some are the frame shanties probably put up by the first emigrants on their arrival. The most elaborate was built by Brigham Young for one of his wives not long before his death. It is now a hospital, and is, next to the Temple, the most conspicuous object in a view of the city from the surrounding heights. Among the Mormons overt polygamy has been stopped, and there is nothing outrageous in the sermons preached at the Tabernacle; but it is believed that Mormon submission to the decisions of the United States tribunals

is merely a reluctant yielding to force. It was stated two years ago that the Mormons proposed to emigrate en masse to Sonora or Chihuahua, in Mexico. But the President and Bishops still have more power in Utah than the Pope and Cardinals have in Rome, and it is not likely that they will abandon the property created by their people's industry. Colonies may be sent to Mexico, or even to more distant countries, but the headquarters of Mormonism will certainly remain in Salt Lake City.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE TOWER OF THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.



THE MORMON TEMPLE, WITH THE TABERNACLE AND ASSEMBLY HALL, SALT LAKE CITY.

younger over his tyrannical senior. This is a popular joke of very wide distribution. The enemies of Bitaram allow him to tie them up in bags and drown them, while they suppose that they are to find herds of cattle at the bottom of the river. The tale shows how current popular ideas and incidents may be combined into different narratives. But how the ideas reached the Santals—for independent invention of several consecutive notions is hardly conceivable—that is the mystery. How did the

IN THE NORTH OF ABYSSINIA.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

The quarrels of two Abyssinian chiefs in the district of Tigré, where we wished to go, made it impossible for us to cross the Mareb, for the roads were dangerous, and hostile squadrons pillaging everything they met. To stop at Asmara for a week, and to make an excursion to Keren, which is the most northern town in which Abyssinians are found in the direction of the Soudan, was safer. Our extra week at Asmara promised to be somewhat monotonous, but two events occurred in it worthy of notice. One was the celebration of the Feast of Epiphany according to the usages of the Abyssinian Church; and the other was the marriage of a boy who called himself a deacon, previously to entering the priesthood, with a little girl aged ten, which nuptials were graced by the presence of divines from all the neighbouring villages. Epiphany in Abyssinia is, according to the Old Style, twelve days later than our own. On this day the ceremony of baptising the cross in the nearest water is annually gone through, and it is the second greatest festival in the Abyssinian calendar.

We were up before the sun, and started for a walk of a mile or more across the plain, still covered with a slight hoarfrost. The air was keen and invigorating, and as the first rays dissipated the frost and warmed

the air, one could imagine no more delightful atmosphere to breathe. We met the religious procession coming from the church—a long line of brilliant colour—the priests in tall brass mitres, acolytes in scarlet and purple robes, with umbrellas of huge proportions, made of purple and crimson velvet, bespangled with silver patterns. One priest, over whom the largest umbrella was held, was entirely enveloped from head to foot in a robe; on his head he carried the sacred picture of the Madonna, carefully covered up. What his feelings inside must have been we



SISTRUM, USED IN RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

could not imagine, but, at any rate, his enjoyment of the slow procession must have been entirely devotional. A scarlet tent was pitched by the water, towards which the procession wended its way, attended by fantastically dressed warriors on horseback with rhinoceros-hide shields and long gleaming javelins, who careered about and entertained the assembled multitude with divers feats of horsemanship. Everybody in the procession carried something, either

a silver cross or a leather-bound book or a brass *sistrum* which would be used in the ensuing dance, and one priest was possessed of a mighty brass basin in which the cross was to be baptised. On arrival at the water's edge, the procession grouped itself in a circle round the basin, the cross, and the officiating priest; and the first part of the ceremony consisted in reading the portion of Scripture appointed for the day, in which the long genealogy of Christ was recited.

All the while, out of magnificent brass censers, frankincense was wafted among the performers, whose quaint chanting, costumes, and gestures forcibly recalled the opera of "Aida." This parallel was intensified in the next act, when the priests set to work to dance, waving their crutches and rattling their *sistra*, to the tune of two drums and divers other instruments played by the Asmari or

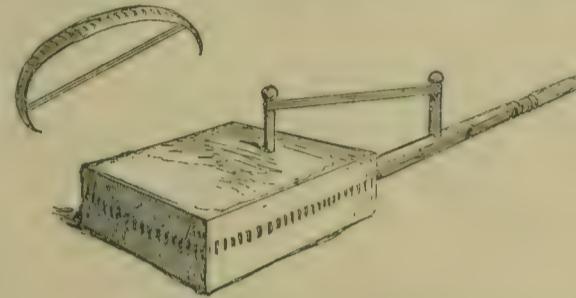


KOLQUOL, OR CANDELABRUM TREE.



CHURCH, HOSPICE, AND VILLAGE OF AMBA DERHO.

wandering minstrels outside. The religious dances of Abyssinia are graceful, something between a minut and a quadrille. You seem to see before you the chorus of a Greek play, the dance round the altar of Dionysos surviving from the old Pagan ritual; and from time to time the shrill quavering salute of the Ethiopian women, who stand huddled together at a respectful distance, again brings back "Aida" to one's mind. The dancing lasted for at least an hour, and then the cross was baptised with due ceremony in the brass basin down by the pool. Everyone sprinkled everyone else with water, shouts of joy from the men and hisses from the women told of the universal satisfaction,



INSTRUMENT PLAYED BY MINSTRELS.

and then the procession wound its way back to the church, halting every twenty yards for more dancing, more blowing of the long Abyssinian trumpets, more beating of drums, and more feats of horsemanship from the warriors; and thus terminated the most eccentric ceremony to call itself Christian that I have ever witnessed.

On the following afternoon I attended the wedding of the young deacon. It took place in a long, low house, lighted only by a door; the atmosphere was almost suffocating, the smells indescribable. I was seated on an *angarreb*, or wooden bed, among the more distinguished guests; the rest of the company sat on the floor huddled together like sardines in a box. They ate and drank in groups; raw meat, cooked meat, and bread dipped in a sauce of butter and cayenne pepper forming the chief commodities. The bridegroom was put away in a corner behind a sheet until the close of the ceremony, and the bride, who was kept in the women's quarter, was only produced at the close, entirely covered in a crimson mantle and carried through us men on a woman's back so that none of us could see her features. She was then, I was told, put on a mule and conveyed to her husband's village a few miles distant. But my only view of her was that shapeless crimson bundle which no one could imagine contained a bride. There was much dancing at this wedding: first some black naked children danced and careered about, and were then presented by the host with strips of cotton, in which they forthwith enveloped their tender frames. Then, being a priestly wedding, priestcraft was largely represented, and those good gentlemen at once set to work to perform their religious dances in the midst of the guests. Drums there were and *sistra* in abundance, likewise the instruments of the Asmari, and a harp of quaint shape with wooden horns, and a sort of drum covered



BLACK AND WHITE TOMBS, BOGOS.

with skin at the base, which the Abyssinians believe to be an exact replica of the harp which King David played. Great horn goblets of Abyssinian beer and tedge, or hydromel, made everyone very merry, and as the banquet drew to a close the sheet was removed and the bridegroom produced. Such an object I never saw! Imagine a black boy of twelve, dressed in a long purple robe miles too big for him, all bespangled with silver; on his head was the brass mitre, in his hands was a large silver cross, which he held before his swarthy face and kissed from time to time. Thus attired, he joined in the dance with the priests, looking terribly nervous, poor fellow! Then he was led to pay his respects to his mother-in-law, finally departing to follow his child-bride to his native village. Marriages in Abyssinia are easily dissolved; temporary alliances for a year or two are common enough; but there was something more binding in this marriage we had witnessed, for a priest may only marry once, and that before he is ordained; so the young deacon had on this occasion drawn his one ticket in the matrimonial lottery, and would have to abide by it.

From Asmara to Keren is about sixty miles, and the road gives one a very fair idea of the varied scenery of the

high plateau of Abyssinia. At first it is flat, bare, and uninteresting; then it is cut up into deep and luxuriant valleys where flourish all kinds of quaint trees. Nothing is more striking than the kolquol, or *euphorbia candelabrum*, with its stiff spreading branches and red fruit on the summit, looking for all the world like a many-branched candlestick with all the candles burning; huge fig-trees, of enormous girth, and providing shelter enough for a whole caravan, are dotted about here and there; and near Keren there are a great number of baobab-trees, uncanny and unsightly, with tortuous branches like some antediluvian tree accidentally preserved.

Our first halt was at the village of Amba Derho, where a wealthy Abyssinian with a terrible name rules supreme. He has presented his village with a new round church, a bell-tower, and beneath it a room in which to store the innumerable necessities of the Church ritual, all of which he has supplied out of his own pocket, and they are of the best. You enter the churchyard through a vestibule, used as a hospitium or sleeping-place for beggars, and as you enter the church you are confronted with a queer-looking picture, representing the donor and his wife below; above you see the donor killing an elephant and cutting off the head of a dervish; higher up, again, you see him riding in the religious procession at the opening of his church, the drawing and colouring being all of the most grotesque.

We left the main path to Keren on purpose to visit the monastery of Debra Sina, and pitched our tents for two nights by a delightful stream at the base of the mountain on which it is. It was a terrible climb, part of the way on foot, to reach the monastic retreat, amidst masses of rock piled one on the other in gigantic confusion. The chief peculiarity of this monastery is its church, in a rock, or, rather, cave beneath a rock. The place is divided into two by a wall; in the innermost part are kept the treasures, and around this sacred rock live thirty monks, in caves and huts, and a few old nuns, who do the cooking for the monks; their appearance is such that no one would ever for a moment point at them the finger of scandal. Rocks and stones, asperity and squalor, are the chief characteristics of



WOODEN WINDOW, CHURCH OF AMBA DERHO.



ROCK CHURCH, DEBRA SINA MONASTERY.

this monastic eyrie. Even the monks themselves, in their faded yellow robes, looked as if they were half petrified.

Keren is quite one of the most flourishing places in this district: it is the capital of a country known as Bogos. Next to it are the countries of Barca and Mensa, both new names to us. Bogos has a number of Christian inhabitants, whereas Barca and Mensa are entirely Mussulman, inhabited by wandering Bedouins. Bogos has one striking and highly interesting peculiarity—namely, its black and white tombs, which are scattered all over the country, and the approach to Keren is a perfect Appian Way of this curious form of sepulture. When a man dies they build a round wall of black stones over his grave. Here they sacrifice goats, put food for the dead, and perform their wails over the departed. If the occupant of the tomb has died a natural death they, in the course of the year, pile up heaps of white quartz into the form of a native hut; if he has died of the vendetta, or any other unnatural death, they put black stones only over him. One nest of graves we saw consisted of twenty-two tombs round the big white grave of the head of the family; three only of these tombs were black, but in other groups the proportion was much larger.

Keren is very fertile. It is 3000 ft. lower than Asmara, and fruits and vegetables of all sorts grow here in profusion; but it is chiefly interesting as the line of demar-



BLACK AND WHITE TOMBS.

cation between the Christianity of Abyssinia and the Mussulmans. Strange to say, the two sects, elsewhere so bitter, against one another, live here in perfect peace and amity. An astute native theologian accounted for this phenomenon in the following sage words: "Jesus is one, Mohammed is another; but there is only one God."

(To be continued.)

**THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR,
M. WADDINGTON.**

The retirement, after a term of service which would have been, in July, ten years at this important diplomatic post, of M. William Henry Waddington, Ambassador of the French Republic to the Government of her Majesty Queen Victoria, has recently occasioned sincere regret in London society, and doubtless equally at the Foreign Office, with which he has so long done business in the most friendly spirit and manner. He takes leave of her Majesty immediately upon her return home from Florence at the beginning of May. It is agreeable to have had a French Minister among us who bears an English name and is of English parentage. Though born in Paris, in 1826, the son of a wealthy English cotton-manufacturer naturalised in France, he was educated, from 1841 to 1845, at Rugby School, as a pupil of Dr. Arnold, and from 1845 to 1849 at Trinity College, Cambridge. M. Waddington is, moreover, a near kinsman of the Bunsens, a distinguished German family very well known and highly esteemed in England, his aunt having been wife of the good and learned "Chevalier," latterly Baron von Bunsen, who was Prussian ambassador in London. At Rugby he was noted for his prowess at football, and he rowed in the winning Cambridge University boat in 1849. He is a Protestant, and he married Miss King, an English lady. Remembering who were the representatives of France under the Empire of Napoleon III., and certain passages concerning them in the memoirs and letters of Lord Palmerston, we must acknowledge that the Republic has done kindly to England, besides consulting its own interest and dignity, in committing its affairs here to one who so well understands, because he personally shares, the best qualities of English gentlemen; yet M. Waddington



MADAME WADDINGTON. *Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

is as good a French citizen as any who has passed his whole life in France. After leaving Cambridge, with first-class honours in classics and the Chancellor's medal, he devoted himself, in a great measure, to Greek archaeological studies, accompanied the French Government expedition to Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria for that object, and wrote an account of its results; became an authority upon ancient coins, medals, and inscriptions; was elected, in 1865, a member of the French Academy for that branch of learning, and produced a commentary on the Edict of Diocletian and other archeological treatises. In February 1871 he was elected a member of the French National Assembly for the Department of the Aisne. For many years he has been President of the Council-General of that Department, and is well versed in the details of provincial and local administration. He was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in 1873, but retired five days later, with M. Thiers. In 1876 he was elected Senator, and re-elected in 1885, and during this period he was in the Ministry—first as Minister of Public Instruction and afterwards of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council from Feb. 4 to Dec. 27, 1879. He was also the French Plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress in 1878, represented France at the coronation of the Czar in Moscow, and was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in 1883. M. Waddington has been a consistent Republican politician, and he may again be called upon to join in forming a Government in France. The frequent changes of the French Ministry have perhaps caused an erroneous notion to prevail elsewhere with regard to the stability of the Government and its policy in foreign relations, which depend, in fact, more on the President of the Republic, and on the Senate, than on the votes of the Chamber of Deputies.



M. WADDINGTON. THE RETIRING FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

GERMANY.

O thou Queen,

Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! How my longing eye
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!—S. T. C.

On September 16, 1798, Coleridge, in company with the Wordsworths and a young friend, John Chester, left England for Germany. After a short stay at Hamburg, during which he paid his memorable visit to Klopstock, he parted company with the Wordsworths, and settled as a boarder in the Pastor's house at Ratzeburg. On Feb. 6, 1799, he left Ratzeburg for Göttingen, for the purpose of attending lectures at the University. At the end of June in the same year he returned to England. Selections from the letters which he wrote from Ratzeburg to his wife and to Tom Poole were published in 1809 in the original issue of "The Friend," and again in 1817 in the "Biographia Literaria." Selections from letters descriptive of "A Tour in the Harz Mountains, May 1799," have appeared in the "Amulet," 1829, in the "New Monthly Magazine," 1835, and in Gillman's "Life," 1837. Some interesting letters from Poole to Coleridge during his absence in Germany are printed in Mr. Sandford's "Thomas Poole and His Friends."

It was Wordsworth's opinion that "Coleridge was spoilt as a poet by going to Germany," and that the bent of his mind, which was at all times to metaphysical theology, had then been fixed in that direction. However that may have been, the translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," which belongs to the spring of 1800, was the direct outcome of the visit to Germany. And before "abstruse research" had become the "habit of his soul," he wrote the second part of "Christabel."

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. Coleridge

Bei dem Radermacher Gohring, in der Berg-Strasse,
Göttingen.

March 12, 1799. Sunday Night.

My dearest Love,—It has been a frightfully long time since we have heard from each other. I have not written, simply because my letters could have gone no further than Cuxhaven, and would have stayed there to the [no] small hazard of their being lost. Even now the mouth of the Elbe is so much choked with ice that the English Pacquets cannot set off. Why need I say how anxious this long interval of silence has made me! I have thought and thought of you, and pictured you and the little ones so often and so often that my imagination is tired down, flat and powerless, and I languish after home for hours together in vacancy, my feelings almost wholly unqualified by thoughts. I have at times experienced such an extinction of light in my mind—I have been so forsaken by all the forms and colourings of existence, as if the organs of life had been dried up; as if only simply Being remained, blind and stagnant. After I have recovered from this strange state and reflected upon it, I have thought of a man who should lose his companion in a desert (*sic*) of sand, where his weary Halloos drop down in the air without an echo. I am deeply convinced that if I were to remain a few years among objects for whom I had no affection I should wholly lose the powers of intellect. Love is the vital air of my genius, and I have not seen one human being in Germany whom I can conceive it possible for me to love, no, not one; in my mind they are an unlovely race, these Germans.

We left Ratzeburg Feb. 6th in the Stage Coach. This was not the coldest night of the century, because the night following was two degrees colder—the oldest man living remembers not such a night as Thursday, Feb. 7. This whole winter I have heard incessant complaints of the unusual cold, but I have felt very little of it. But that night! My God! Now I know what the pain of cold is, and what the danger. The pious care of the German Governments that none of their loving subjects should be suffocated is admirable! On Friday morning when the light dawned, the Coach looked like a shapeless idol of suspicion with an hundred eyes, for there were at least so many holes in it. And as to rapidity! We left Ratzeburg at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening, and arrived at Lüneburg—i.e., 35 English miles—at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. This is a fair specimen! In England I used to laugh at the "flying waggons"; but, compared with a German Post Coach, the metaphor is perfectly justifiable, and for the future I shall never meet a flying wagon without thinking respectfully of its speed. The whole country from Ratzeburg almost to Einbeck—i.e., 155 English miles—is a flat, objectless, hungry heath, bearing no marks of cultivation, except close by the towns, and the only remarks which suggested themselves to me were that it was cold—very cold—shocking cold—never felt it so cold in my life! Hanover is 115 miles from Ratzeburg. We arrived there Saturday evening.

The Herr von Döring, a nobleman who resides at Ratzeburg, gave me letters to his brother-in-law at Hanover, and by the manner in which he received me I found that they were not ordinary letters of recommendation. He pressed me exceedingly to stay a week in Hanover, but I refused, and left it on Monday noon. In the meantime, however, he had introduced me to all the great people and presented me "as an English gentleman off first-rate character and talents" to Baron Steinburg, the Minister of State, and to Von Brandes, the Secretary of State and Governor of Göttingen University. The first was amazingly perpendicular, but civil and polite, and gave me letters to Heyne, the head Librarian, and, in truth, the real Governor of Göttingen. Brandes likewise gave me letters to Heyne and Blumenbach, who are his brothers-in-law. Baron Steinburg offered to present me to the Prince (Adolphus), who is now in Hanover; but I deferred the honour till my return. I shall make Poole laugh when I return with the visiting-card which the Baron left at my inn.

The two things worth seeing in Hanover are (1) the conduit representing Mount Parnassus, with statues of Apollo, the Muses, and a great many others; flying horses,

rhinoceroses and elephants, &c.; and (2) a bust of Leibnitz—the first for its excessive absurdity, ugliness, and indecency—(absolutely I could write the most humorous octavo volume containing the description of it with a commentary)—the second—i.e., the bust of Leibnitz impressed on my soul a sensation which has ennobled it. It is the face of a god! and Leibnitz was almost more than a man in the wonderful capaciousness of his judgment and imagination! Well, we left Hanover on Monday noon, after having paid a most extravagant bill. We lived with Spartan frugality, and paid with Persian pomp! But I was an Englishman, and visited by half-a-dozen noblemen and the Minister of State. The landlord could not dream of affronting me by anything like a reasonable charge! On the road we stopped with the postillion always, and our expenses were nothing. Chester and I made a very hearty dinner of cold beef, etc., and both together paid only fourpence, and for coffee and biscuits only threepence each. In short, a man may travel cheap in Germany, but he must avoid great towns and not be visited by Ministers of State.

In a village some four miles from Einbeck we stopped about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and the postillion led us into a room where there was not a ray of light—we could not see our hand—but it felt extremely warm. At length and suddenly the lamp came, and we saw ourselves in a room thirteen strides in length, strew'd with straw, and lying by the side of each other on the straw twelve Jews. I assure you it was curious. Their dogs lay at their feet. There was one very beautiful boy among them, fast asleep, with the softest conceivable opening of the mouth, with the white beard of his grandfather upon his cheek—a fair, rosy cheek.

This day I called with my letters on the Professor Heyne, a little, hopping, over-civil sort of a thing, who talks very fast and with fragments of coughing between every ten words. However, he behaved very courteously to me. The next day I took out my matricula, and commenced student of the University of Göttingen. Heyne

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

May I remind my readers who are interested in science teaching and culture that the Summer School of Science for Vacation Studies will be held in Edinburgh, as usual, for its seventh session, from July 31 to Aug. 26 of the present year? A very full programme of studies has been arranged by Professor Geddes and his colleagues, including a section on education, social science and humanities, and one on natural science. Lectures on biology, comparative psychology, hygiene, botany, and field geology, with practical work, are to be given in the latter section, with instruction in modern history, education, and other topics in the humanities department. These vacation courses grow in popularity year by year. They offer a ready means of culture, not only to teachers, but to those who may care to spend part of the holiday season in the pursuit of knowledge not easily accessible save in Universities and colleges. The fees are extremely moderate, and arrangements have been made for boarding students on advantageous terms. Applications may be addressed to my friend Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., University Hall, Edinburgh. I cordially wish this important educational movement every success.

A correspondent inquires where he can find information regarding the tongue in its relation to speech. I can refer him to a work which deals very fully with this interesting question. It is entitled "The Tongue not Essential to Speech, with Illustrations of the Power of Speech in the African Confessors," by the Hon. Edward Twistleton. The copy in my possession was published by Mr. Murray, and its date is 1873. This work is a most interesting one, and gives both ancient and modern examples of the power of speech possessed by those who have had the misfortune to lose their tongues. One case, which is historic in its nature, is that of Johannes the Dumb, who resided at Weesp, eight miles from Amsterdam. His case was described in 1652 by Dr. Nicolas Tulp. Many of my readers will recognise Tulp when I add that his is the prominent figure in Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy" at the Hague. Tulp is demonstrating the subject to his colleagues assembled round the dead body depicted in that marvellous work, before which I have more than once sat entranced in the quiet of the Hague Gallery, beside the central lake of that picturesque town. Johannes the Dumb had had his tongue cut out by pirates, and, after a silence of three years or so, recovered his power of speech after the fright induced by a thunderstorm, and spoke very well, indeed, considering his mutilation. I hope this reference will aid my correspondent in his researches.

The "epiglottis" is the little lid situated at the top of the windpipe and guarding the entrance to that pathway to the lungs. The ordinary teaching about swallowing is, that when the critical moment arrives, in so far as the windpipe is concerned, the epiglottis is made to cover the entrance of that tube, an action in which it is assisted by the raising of the organ of voice. There is another view of affairs, however, which holds that the epiglottis, to quote the words of a well-known physiologist, "gives no such protection, and that it may be lost without loss of protection." He maintains that "it is because the larynx (or organ of voice) is raised, and the base of the tongue thrust backwards, that food and liquids do not normally find access to the windpipe." There is thus a very pretty little quarrel (of a friendly nature) among physiologists about the lid of the windpipe, and I was, therefore, much interested in noting that the famous Professor Gegenbaur had completed an essay on this interesting little piece of animal anatomy.

It seems that among mammals or quadrupeds the epiglottis attains a distinction and development which are not seen in lower groups of backboned animals. Professor Gegenbaur traces the development of the cartilage of the epiglottis to a certain gill-arch, the fourth, which, of course, in fishes, remains to support the gills, but which becomes much modified in other and higher groups of vertebrates. In the opinion of Dr. Gegenbaur, the epiglottis is a very important structure indeed, viewed in relation to its development and connections with the breathing apparatus; but it is admitted that it may be lost—from disease, for example—without the patients suffering either from difficulty of breathing or from liability to choking. Here, however, as elsewhere in living nature, we find the principle of mutual aid and adaptation coming into play; for it appears that in cases in which the epiglottis has been lost certain muscles connected with the organ of voice play the part of adapting the upper part of the windpipe so as to guard against the entrance of foreign bodies.

If there is one point in connection with modern education which deserves prominence, I am safe in saying it is the increased attention which is given to physical exercises as part and parcel of the school curriculum of both boys and girls. I have lately been reading a treatise on the subject of "Physical Education," by Mr. F. Treves, F.R.C.S. (Churchill), a book sold at the moderate price of half-a-crown, and containing a very full exposition of the principles according to which the education of the muscles and other parts of our anatomy should be conducted so as to secure their health and well-being. This is a book which every sensible lad and girl should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." It is not "dry" reading in any sense, and it gives a great many most admirable and wholesome pieces of advice in connection with the various sports and pastimes in which people indulge. Such a work as this was much wanted, I think; and now that the want has been supplied, I hope the world at large will hasten to read what an experienced surgeon has to say about exercise as an aid to bodily development. There are two points worth special notice in Mr. Treves's book. He does not regard cycling as at all a typical exercise for women, an opinion in expressing which he does not stand alone; and secondly (tell it not in Gath!), he has not a word to say about golf. Perhaps he may be spared the fearful and wonderful criticisms of the golfing fraternity for this omission; but, all things considered, golf should have a place in his pages.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ÆTAT 26.
FROM A CRAYON SKETCH TAKEN IN GERMANY, NOW IN THE
POSSESSION OF MISS WARD, OF OVER-STOWEY.

has honoured me so far that he has given me the right, which properly only professors have, of sending to the Library for an indefinite number of books in my own name.

On Saturday evening I went to the concert. Here the other Englishmen introduced themselves. After the concert Hamilton, a Cambridge man, took me as his guest to the Saturday Club, where what is called the first class of students meet and sup once a week. Here were all the nobility and three Englishmen. Such an evening I never passed before—roaring, kissing, embracing, fighting, smashing bottles and glasses against the wall, singing—in short, such a scene of uproar I never witnessed before, no, not even at Cambridge. I drank nothing, but all except two of the Englishmen were drunk, and the party broke up a little after one o'clock in the morning. I thought of what I had been at Cambridge and of what I was, of the wild bacchanalian sympathy with which I had formerly joined similar parties, and of my total inability now to do aught but meditate, and the feeling of the deep alteration in my moral being gave the scene a melancholy interest to me.

We are quite well. Chester will write soon to his family; in the meantime he sends duty, love, and remembrance to all to whom they are due. I have drunk no wine or fermented liquor for more than three months, in consequence of which I am apt to be wakeful; but then I never feel any oppression after dinner, and my spirits are much more equable, blessings which I esteem inestimable! My dear Hartley—my Berkeley—how intensely do I long for you! My Sara, O my dear Sara! To Poole, God bless him! to dear Mrs. Poole and Ward, kindest love, and to all love and remembrance.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

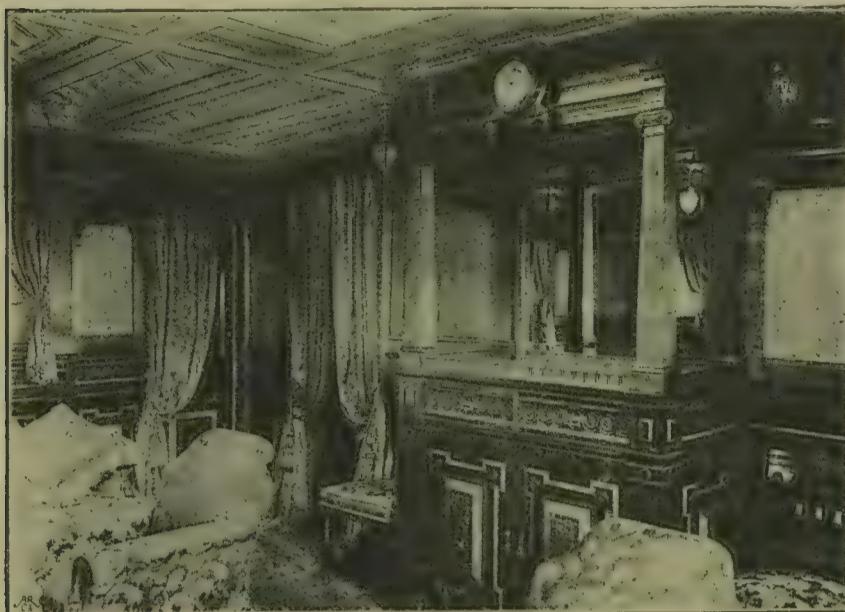
(To be continued.)

An incident that caused much alarm occurred at the Alhambra Theatre on the night of April 19. While one of the scenes in the ballet of "Aladdin" was being set parts of the woodwork fell upon the ladies of the ballet. Several of them were knocked down, and one was precipitated into the orchestra. The curtain was promptly lowered, and the sufferers attended to. The stage manager was soon able to announce that in no case had very serious injury been sustained, and the ballet was proceeded with.

THE BELGIAN STEAM-SHIP LEOPOLD II.
The new paddle-wheel steam-ship Leopold II., constructed by Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, at Dumbarton (who built also the Princess Henriette and Princess Josephine),

on the bridge deck. The aft gear being brought amidships, the forward gear uncoupled, the vessel, being then driven full speed astern, was easily steered by this deck gear. The fittings for passengers, in the saloon, restaurant, ladies' saloon, and private cabins, are luxurious and elegant.

glass doors, are two sleeping-cabins, which may be made into one by simply withdrawing sliding doors. The restaurant is placed aft; its sides are arcaded, the pillars being of solid satinwood, carved, the background of lincrusta, painted bronze. Small tables with revolving



THE DAY SALOON. STEAM-SHIP LEOPOLD II.

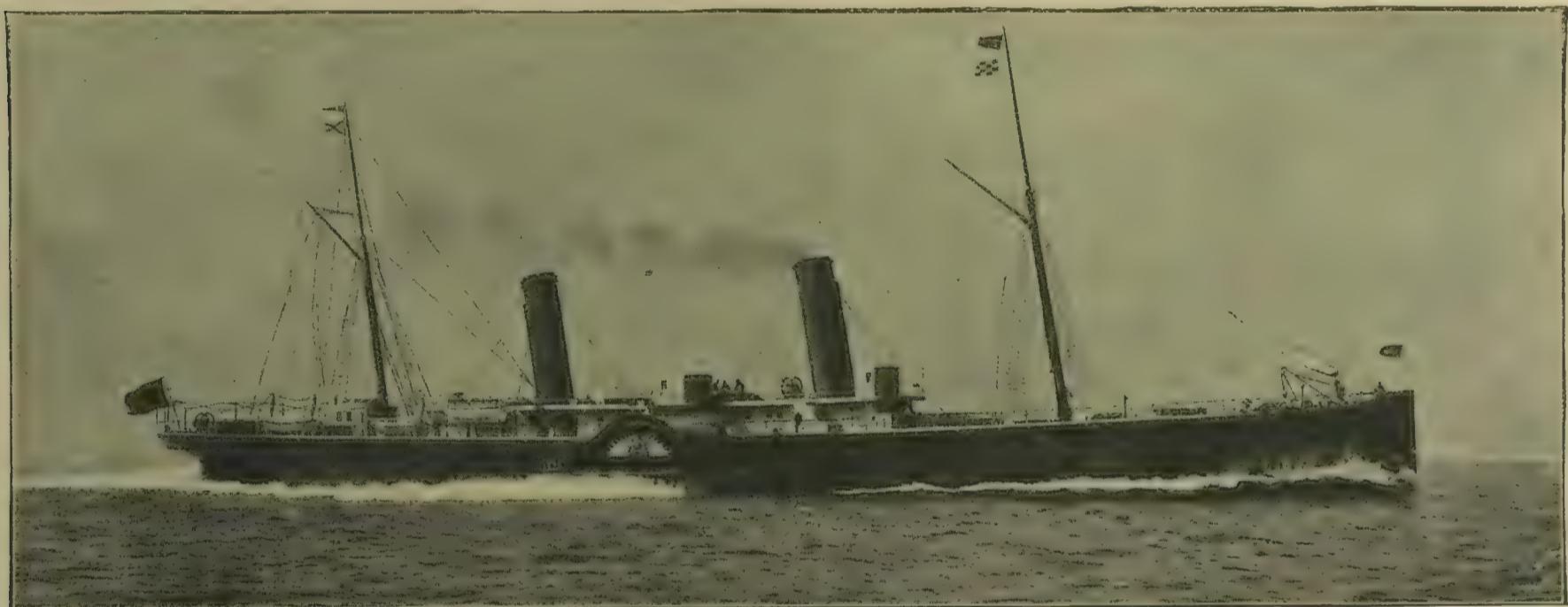


THE DINING SALOON. STEAM-SHIP LEOPOLD II.

for the Belgian Government, to carry mails and passengers between Dover and Ostend, has proved, at the recent trials of speed outside the Clyde, the swiftest paddle-steamer in the world; her mean speed, in two consecutive double runs between the Cloc'h and Cumbiac Lights, was 22·16 knots an

hour. There is a long deck-house, at the aft end of which are the special apartments for his Majesty the King of the Belgians. The day saloon is magnificent; its cabinet work is entirely in satinwood and walnut, elaborately carved; the roof is of an intricate pattern, tastefully painted and gilded. The

chairs afford dining accommodation for nearly a hundred people. The upholstery is of a very fine pattern of moquette. A broad stairway leads down into the gentlemen's saloon, which is of pine, painted in pink and cream, and is upholstered in buffalo hide. Another stairway leads



THE NEW BELGIAN MAIL AND PASSENGER STEAM-BOAT, LEOPOLD II.

hour. The trials were watched by M. Verbrugghe, President of the Belgian Government Commission; M. Ecrevisse, Inspecteur Chef de Service; M. Lecointe, Ingénieur en Chef; M. Waelelaer, Commandant du Navire; M. Pierrard, Ingénieur de la Marine; with M. Davin, chief engineer of the vessel. These gentlemen have sent a most favourable report to their Government, which has to pay to the builders a handsome premium for excess of speed, fixed by contract at 21½ knots. The steamer is of dimensions 340 ft. by 38 ft. by 14 ft. 6 in., being 40 ft. longer and 1 ft. deeper than the steamers Princess Henriette and Josephine. Her main engine is of Messrs. Denny and Co.'s well-known paddle type, its parts made either of steel or brass, the only cast iron being found in the cylinders. The high-pressure valve is of the piston type, while the low pressure is a flat valve of Thom's patent. The auxiliary gear in the engine-room consists of four large double-breasted fans for the forced draft, driven by Chandler's engine, two large-sized centrifugal pumps by Messrs. Drysdale and Co., Messrs. Weir's feed pumps, bilge and sanitary pumps and distiller, and Brown Brothers' combined steam and hydraulic starting gear. Upon the flying bridge is the steering-house, with one of Brown Brothers' patent telemotors, communicating with the patent steam tiller. A second steam-steering station is placed aft. During the trial the working of the hand-gear for steering was the admiration of all practical men on board the ship. A bow rudder was fitted, which was actuated from a steering gear placed

furniture in this room is all movable, resembling a drawing-room; the carpet is Axminster, and the upholstery is of a very rich silk, with curtains to match. In this room there is a small dining-table and sideboard with complete arrangements. Opening off the saloon, through stained

to the companion-house on deck, which is finished in polished teak. At the fore end of the saloon and the pantry, having access from the saloon, is the ladies' boudoir, in polished sycamore and lincrusta, with Genoese velvet upholstery and Axminster carpets. A stairway leads to the lower deck, where there is provided a very large ladies' sleeping-saloon, having attached to it lavatory and stewardess's room.

The handsome service of silver plate shown in our illustration was recently presented to Mr. J. Howard Gwyther, late general manager and present managing director of the London Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, by the principal merchants of the Straits Settlements, Java, and Manila, as a mark of their confidence and esteem. The plate was specially designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Queen Victoria Street, City, and Oxford Street.

News has been received by the Administration of the Congo State that Lieutenant Dhanis has gained another important victory over the Arabs in the Congo Free State. The encounter took place at the Goio Kopopa, situated close to the Lufubu tributary of the Congo. The chief Moharra was among the killed; but Sefu again succeeded in making his escape. The recent news also informs us of the death of Captain Van Kerckhoven, the Belgian officer holding command of the Upper Congo district at Nyangwe. He was accidentally killed by a gun-shot in a hunting expedition.

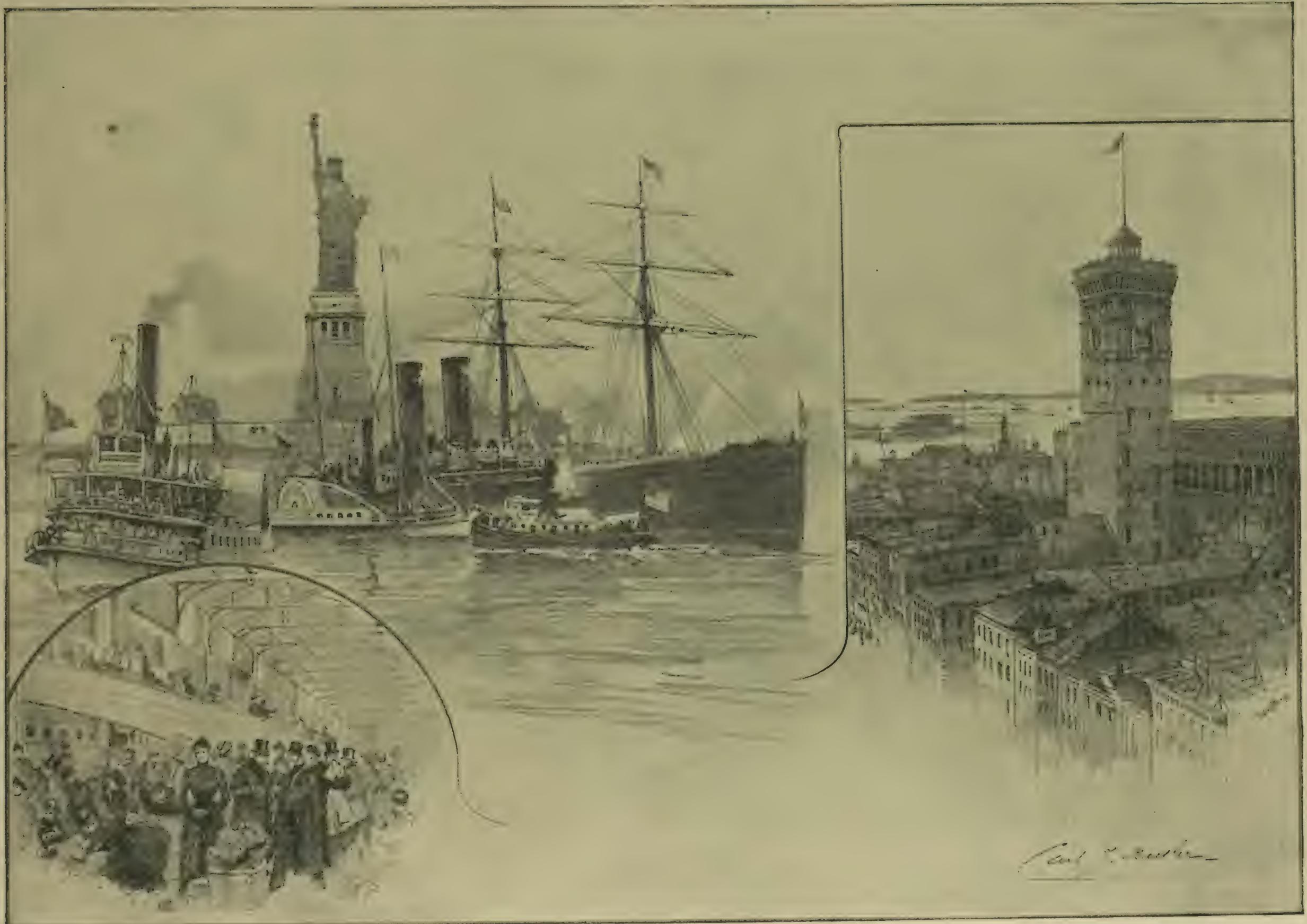


SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO MR. J. HOWARD GWYTHOR.



STREET TYPES IN FLORENCE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LANDING PASSENGERS AT HOBOKEN.

ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOUR.

TOWER OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE: VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS STATEN ISLAND.

Carl Schurz

ART NOTES.

While the Louvre and the Cluny Museum at home and Berlin and St. Petersburg abroad are adding to their stores from the Spitzer collection, not a word is said about any acquisitions for South Kensington. Every method was taken by the executors to enable English and other museums to pay for their purchases out of their annual grants by spreading the payments over two years. We must, however, submit to the effects of our national policy, which prompts the administrators of annual grants to husband their resources during the first nine months of the financial year and to spend recklessly in the last quarter. A return of the purchases made for public departments, and their dates, during the past ten years would reveal some curious facts.

Brilliant and minute effect is the end after which Mr. Mortimer Menpes has on recent occasions striven, and in his series of drawings made in Spain and Morocco (Dowdeswell's) he has brought himself nearer than ever to the realisation of his aims. He is delightful in transferring accurately and a trifle prosaically the little episodes of street and country life which his thoroughly artistic eye at once seizes. He is also dexterous in the use of his own powers: he knows their limit, and is never tempted to overstrain them. The result is a number of thumbnail drawings, fresh and real, which bring before the eye the oyster-stores and wine-shops, the mosques and church porches, the fruit-stalls and bazaars of Tangier, Seville, and a dozen other picturesque spots, which are pleasant alike in prospect and retrospect, recalling bright hours of sunshine or holding out hopes of coming release from the drudgery of daily life.

Mr. John Varley has also been away in search of the picturesque—and on this occasion his show at the Japanese Gallery (Bond Street) is made up of his reminiscences of India and Ceylon. He has seen both countries under favourable as well as under varied conditions of atmosphere and sky, and he has a keen enough appreciation of the beauties of nature to make us understand that the attractions of India are not limited to her temples and palaces. Mr. Varley seems to have found in the Bombay Presidency, especially round Nassik, some very attractive spots, which are admirably adapted to his bright and easy treatment of scenery.

The Society of Lady Artists, which has transferred its annual exhibition from Piccadilly to the Maddox Street Galleries, may be congratulated on its change of quarters, and even more on its collection of pictures. Both oils and water-colours show a very decided effort to rise above the level of amateur work, and the co-operation of ladies like Mrs. Perugini, Miss Osborn, Mrs. Swynnerton, and others, is evidence that the lady artists regard painting as a profession, and the recent election of two of their colleagues into the Old Water-Colour Society is an official recognition of their purpose and aim.

Among the most successful of the water-colours of the year the sea-pieces of Miss Helen O'Hara, the Alpine studies of Mrs. Marrable, and the careful English landscapes of Miss Partridge hold their own. Special mention should also be made of Miss Millicent Gross's "Rag Market at Honfleur," not only for the boldness of the scheme, but for the clever way in which she has dealt with its difficulties. Miss Sturgeon's "Girl at the Spinning Wheel" (114), Miss Kempson's Scotch studies, and Miss Emily Murray's minute reproduction of birds' plumage are also well worthy of attention. Miss C. M. Beresford—an active globe-trotter with a facile pencil—sends some thirty or more brilliant sketches made during her wanderings in Italy and Spain, in which she often catches the peasant type with wonderful accuracy and spirit.

Among the oil-paintings, Miss Fannie Moody's study of canine curiosity, "The Humming-Top," is very far above the average of such attempts to transfer human emotions to dumb animals; and Miss Edith Sprague's "Doll Days" is not only clever in work but original in conception and colour; while Miss C. M. Wood's "Thistledown" is a delicate transcript of nature without any visible straining after effect. Miss Osborn's portrait of Miss Dunn, Mrs. Perugini's and Mrs. Swynnerton's of a girl and boy respectively, and Miss Edith Barre's "Red Shoes" will also attract favourable attention.

Sir John Gilbert's handsome gifts to the Guildhall and provincial galleries may mark a new departure of which Mr. Watts was the first to give the signal. The portrait series by the latter naturally should be placed in London, but it is to be hoped that other artists who may be induced to follow the lead now given will in their benefactions be mindful of their birthplaces, so that there may be some connection established between the local gallery and local artists—and Cheapside is connected with Blackheath since the days of Richard II. In the case of Sir John Gilbert there is a further interest involved in the pictures he has presented to the public, for he took a leading part in the inquiry into the time-resisting qualities of various colours used by artists. In the interesting appendix to the report of the Commission at least a hundred artists gave, anonymously, a list of the pigments of which they made use; and, unless we are very much mistaken, the painter who headed the list with the smallest number of colours as requisite was Sir John Gilbert, whose work, all will allow, is never deficient in either variety or brilliancy. His contention seemed to be that the alleged fading of water-colours was in many cases due wholly to the carelessness of artists, who, in their desire to produce easily a difficult effect, mingled or combined colours without the least regard to their mutually destructive properties.

A collision between H.M.S. Nile and a torpedo-boat occurred on April 19 at Malta. The steering gear of the latter vessel had become disarranged, and she struck the ironclad with great force on the unarmed portion of her bow, knocking a hole in her. The Nile was taken into dock for examination and repairs.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
B G LAWS.—Your contributions are most welcome, and we have little doubt are correct.

ZANONI.—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," published by T. M. Brown, Bagby Street, Leeds, price 6s. 6d., or Gossip's "Theory of the Chess Openings," published by Allen and Co., Waterloo Place, price 6s. 6d. or 7s. 6d.

A N BRAYSHAW.—Thanks, it shall be examined.

S W SUTTON.—We prefer to have the pieces indicated by letters on the diagram itself, but we will give your problem every attention.

R W SEATON (Virginia Water).—The amended position duly to hand.

J W (Oldham).—The first move of your problem is weak, and the subsequent play uninteresting. Besides, there are several duals.

T A B.—One immediately fatal flaw in your problem is another solution by 1. R to R 7th (ch.). Your own solution, however, embodies an idea already exhausted.

MRS W J BAIRD.—Thanks for card.

M BURKE.—If we mistake not, your problem can be solved by 1. Kt to R 7th, K to Q 4th; 2. B to Q 5th, &c. If R takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 7th (ch.), &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2543 to 2545 received from William Allnutt (Richmond), Tasmania; of No. 2554 from J Ross (Whitley); of No. 2555 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), J Ross, and C E Perugini; of No. 2556 from Ashwell, R H Brooks, C M A B, and J Ford; of No. 2557 from Matfield, A H B, Ashwell, Captain J A Challice, V (Turkey), FitzWarrant (Exeter), Clophill, J Meale, J McRobert (Crossgar), E Barnish, A Castellaine, jun., E B Collinson, E Percy Kaye, G E Lomax (St. Helens), Rev C G Wilkinson, J D Tucker (Leeds), Bluet, and R H Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2558 received from T Roberts, E E II, C T Fisher, Sorrento (Dawlish), Alpha, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Willecock (Chester), W R B (Plymouth), R Worts (Canterbury), M Burke, Dawn, C M A B, E Louden, T G Ware, J C Ireland, Martin F, J Dixon, C Burnett, Peter L, H S Brandreth, H B Hurford, M A Eyre (Folkestone), W R Bailem, A Newman, Shadforth, J F Moon, Dr F St, G Joicey, Julia Short (Exeter), Ashwell, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C E Perugini, S W Sutton, M D, J Hall, W Wright, W L Clapham, W L Donaldson (Oxford), J D Tucker (Leeds), Bluet, and R H Brooks.

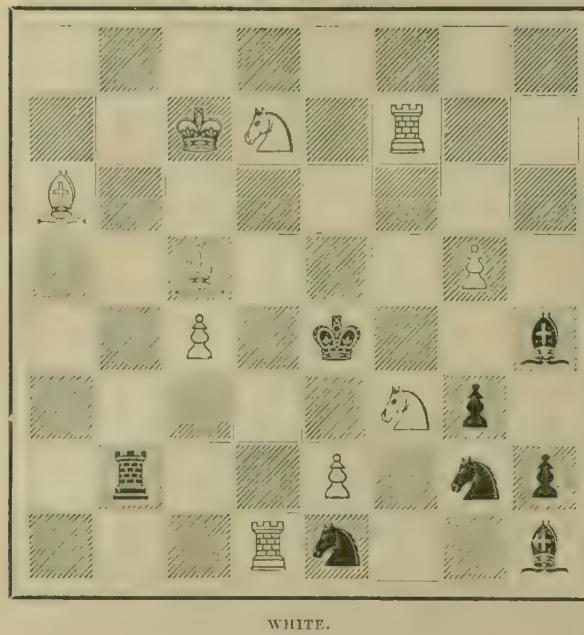
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2557.—By G. K. ANSELL.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 6th	Any move
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 2560.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played in Havana between Messrs. E. CONILL, E. OSTOLOZA, G. LOPEZ, and E. HERRERA, consulting against Herr WALBRODT.

(*Ponzani Opening*.)

WHITE (Allies)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Of course the only move, but good inasmuch as it compels the exchange of Queens.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Q takes Q	
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. Kt takes Q	Kt to K 4th
4. Q to R 4th	Q to Q 3rd	22. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
5. P to Q 4th		23. Kt to K 4th	Kt takes B

This reply, instead of the usual B to Kt 6th, seems somewhat new, and gives the Allies a good opening.

6. B to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd	As this opens the Bishop's file and allows the Rook to come into play, it seems an inadvisable exchange.	
7. K P takes P	Q takes P	24. P takes Kt	B to Kt 5th
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd	25. R to Q B sq	B to R 4th
9. P takes D	Kt to K 2nd	26. K to B 2nd	B to Kt 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K B 4th	27. Kt to B 5th	P to B 4th
11. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	28. P to Kt Kt 3rd	P to R 3rd
12. B to K 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	29. Kt to K 6th	R to B 2nd
13. Q R to Q sq	Castles	30. P to K R 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
14. B to Q 3rd	Q to K R 4th	31. K to Kt 2nd	R to Q B sq
15. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq	32. B to R 5th	R to Q 2nd
16. B to K 2nd	Kt to R 4th	33. K R takes P	R takes P
17. Q to B 2nd	B to K B 4th	34. Q R to B sq	R takes P
18. Q to R 4th	Kt (at R 4th) to B 3rd	35. R to K sq	R to Q 7th (ch.)

Black might also have played P to Q 4th, when the game would probably have proceeded Q takes Kt, Kt to B 3rd, Kt to K 5th, Q takes P (ch.), Kt takes Q, followed by P takes Kt, with a good game.

19. P to Q 5th	An important move that strengthens their already fine position.	24. K to Kt 2nd	Resigns
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An excellent game, finely contested, and played by the Allies in a masterly manner.

The chess tournament at Cambridge resulted in a victory for Mr. Blake, of Southampton. The meeting was scarcely a success, and the play was of somewhat unequal merit.

The rules of the New York international tournament are now published, and are, with one exception, a decided improvement upon those of the last meeting held there. If more than twelve players compete—and that there is surely a certainty—one round only will be played, for prizes ranging from £200 to £60. The question of drawn games is attempted to be solved in a drastic fashion by only allowing such to score half a point after they are played over twice. In practice probably this will not be necessary, but for certain players it will involve hard work, and may lend itself to injustice.

Mr. E. Halliwell, Bolton, and Mrs. W. J. Baird, Brighton, have been awarded the first and second prizes respectively in the problem tourney just concluded in the *Football Field*.

The tenth annual meeting of the Scottish Chess Association came to a conclusion on Saturday, April 15, when Mr. W. N. Walker, of the Dundee Chess Club, was declared winner of the silver cup and the championship of Scotland for 1893. Among the competitors were Sheriff Spens, of Glasgow, D. Y. Mills, of Edinburgh, and G. B. Fraser, of Dundee. The minor tourney was won by Mr. J. McGrouther, of Glasgow, without losing or drawing a game. Mr. Fraser won the handicap, in which sixteen players took part, Mr. D. Y. Mills being second in this as well as in the major tourney. It has been decided to hold next year's congress in Glasgow.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There are two theatres—the Haymarket and the Lyceum—at which, on "first nights," there is always to be found a distinguished and interesting audience. Mrs. Oscar Wilde had the stage box of the Haymarket, on April 19, with Mr. Arthur Balfour, M.P., and Mr. Burne-Jones. Lord Wolverton, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and Sir E. Clarke, Q.C., occupied other boxes. Lady Randolph Churchill, who is coming to the front again as well as her husband, sat near Lady Granby in the stalls; Lady Randolph wore in her hair an aigrette set so near the front as to produce a very uncommon effect. Many heads were bound with fillets, and the low dressing of the hair to the back of the head was very general. As usual, it was impossible to overlook the people who were dressed in black and in scarlet, the two most effective colours for theatre wear. Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry) mingled black and gold in her costume, and Mrs. Herbert Schmalz wore black, with the relief of a large cluster of primroses.

However, the stage dresses outdo the smartest of the audience's attire. It is unusual to see Mrs. Bernard Beere all in black, as she is throughout, but it is picturesquely made, and draped with white plain muslin in a unique way. Miss Neilson's dresses are the smartest, perhaps, but Mrs. Tree's are the prettiest. Miss Neilson wears first a gown of stiff grey moiré antique, made with huge sleeves to the elbow and deep lace frills to the edges of the sleeves and as a berthe. Her next dress is of white silk covered with net, embroidered with gold spangles all over, so that she glitters as she stands like a waterfall in the sunshine. The sleeves of this are of white silk muslin, arranged in three full puffs to the elbow, and then edged with a deep frill of spangled net so wide as to fall far below the arm when raised. Her last gown is the most fashionable in outline; it is eight or ten yards round apparently. It is of a pink spotted silk, thin and yet firm, quite an old-fashioned material, and is arranged in a very wide bell skirt trimmed round with three rows of silk ruche at the foot, and a similar number above the knee, while the bodice is indescribably elaborate. Mrs. Tree, who has a part that fits her to as much perfection as the gowns in which she dresses it, wears first a pretty soft silk, having a cream ground brocaded with dear little festoons of pink roses. There are puffed sleeve-tops of the silk, while the yoke and cuffs are veiled in cream lace. With this goes a broad-brimmed white hat, with black velvet and feathers for trimming. Her best dress is the next, a thoroughly "Empire" evening one, made of pale-pink silk marked out into a dice pattern by lines of a paler pink. The very high waist is outlined with a silver cord, and above that comes a flat berthe of silk muslin, topped by revers covering the tops of the sleeves, which are silk muslin. A trail of roses foots the narrow train, which falls from between the shoulders.

Mr. Daigoro Goh, the Chancellor of the Japanese Consulate-General in London, recently gave an interesting lecture before the Japan Society on "Family Relations in Japan." Sir E. Reed, M.P., was in the chair; and the lecturer was listened to by an interested audience, that included Mrs. Jopling and Lady Colin Campbell. Mr. Goh declined to say if the family life in Japan is, on the whole, a peculiarly happy one; for, he remarked, the opinion of foreign observers is curiously divided on the point—all the European ladies who have become intimately acquainted with the Japs at home being of opinion that their conjugal life is not happy, while all the European male critics are convinced that it cannot be altered but for the worse! The Japanese themselves, however, are taking the view that there should be some closer approach to Western ideals. The present system is the absolute subordination of the whole family to its male head. So perfect is filial obedience in Japan, that when the Chinese Government sent to the Japanese Government a list of "twenty-four paragons of filial virtue" the latter retorted by returning a list of "twenty-four wonders of lack of filial virtue," with an explanation that all Japanese were so dutiful to their parents that these, the only members of the nation who had ever failed in filial duty, were their wonders. The "awful father" is classed with the high wind, thunder, and pestilence as the most terrible things in the world. This severe system, however, is tempered to the men by the fact that at the early age of eighteen every boy is married, and becomes a supreme and despotic ruler on his own account, while the submission of women is lifelong.

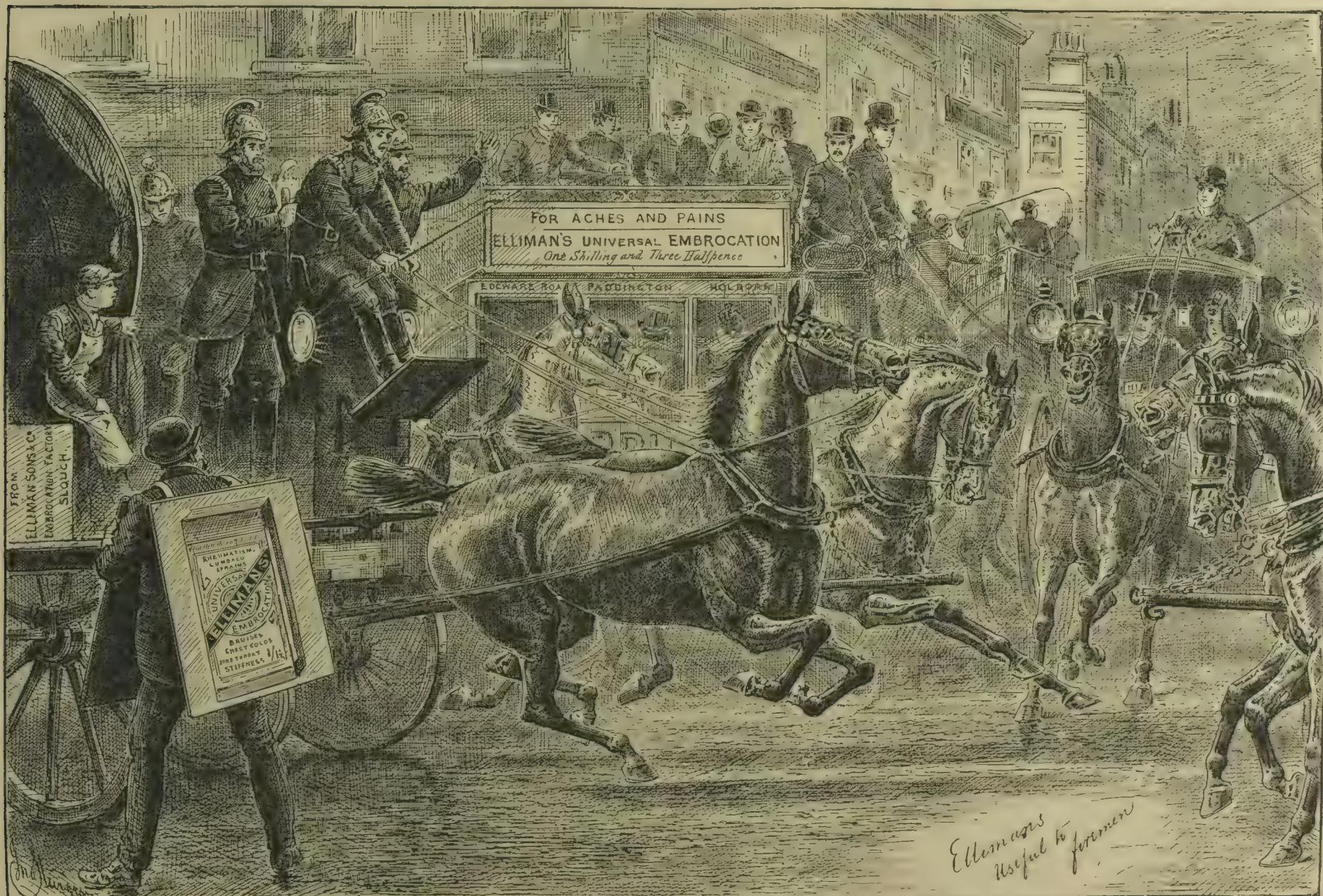
A wife must eat after her husband, consider nothing but his desires, and never complain of aught that he ordains; she must call him "master," and not by his name; she must not enter on conversation with him unless he address her first, and must never interpose a word if another man is present. She is removed to her husband's family on her marriage, and must obey his father as her own. She can possess no property; and all girls must marry in some way; if a man have daughters alone he must adopt the eldest one's husband and make over to him the succession to her family property. In short, the position of a Japanese woman is summed up by a priestly dictum (for, of course, the religious sentiment is the means by which this system is maintained in its perfection) that it is the Creator's ordinance that "a woman has no part in the three lives, the past, the present, or the future." Lord Queensberry should emigrate to Japan, for there his domestic ideal exists; if a man is not satisfied with his original wife, he may take home and legally recognise an auxiliary. There has, Mr. Goh says, been of late a revolt of the consciences of Japanese men against this arrangement, but it has hardly been displayed in a manner that sympathetic women can approve, for it has not been attempted to suppress the practice on the part of the men; the "reform" has been confined to making the already hard lot of that unfortunate class, the "secondary wives," more painful and less protected from injustice by law. How much happier are we! It is well for us sometimes to reflect on the superiority of our lot, not in any spirit of arrogance, but to induce thankfulness for what we possess and patience with the crumples that must be in even a bed of roses!

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Aug. 24, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1890), of Sir Augustine FitzGerald, Bart., late of Carrigoran, County Clare, who died on Jan. 31, granted to Clara Emma, Dowager Lady FitzGerald, the widow and sole executrix, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator devises all his real and leasehold estates in the county of Clare and the residue of his real estate to the use of his wife, for life, with remainder to his brother, George Cumming FitzGerald for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, with remainder to William Walter Augustine FitzGerald. His furniture, plate, statues, &c., are made heirlooms to go therewith. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1890), with four codicils, of Mr. Delabere Pritchett Blaine, of Clandon Park, Guildford, and 129, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, late chairman of the Bank of Africa and director of the London Joint Stock Bank, who died on March 28, has just been proved by the acting executors, the sons, Delabere Pritchett Blaine and William Fleming Blaine (to each of whom the testator leaves £1000 as executor). The personal estate in England was sworn at £299,497 8s. 5d. gross and £289,393 4s. 3d. net. The testator bequeaths to his wife an immediate legacy of £1000, also his plate, furniture, horses, &c., absolutely, the enjoyment of his town residence and the income of £125,000 for life; to his sons Delabere Pritchett and William Fleming £22,000 each (in addition to sums of about £8000 given to each of them in his lifetime), his share and interest in the profits of his firm of Blaine and Co., Port Elizabeth, and the use for ten years of £100,000 should they elect within twelve months of his decease to continue this and the London business of Blaine, Sons, and Co. on their own account; to his sons Charles Henry and Edwin Ernest £25,000 and £30,000 respectively, to be retained in trust until they attain the age of thirty years; in trust for the benefit of his daughter Frances Jane Foley, £22,000 (in addition to her marriage portion of £8000); for the benefit of his daughters Helen Georgina, Alice Clara, and Ethel Fleming, £30,000 each; and for the benefit of his daughter Mary Constance Porter, £12,000 (in addition to her marriage portion of £8000). His residuary estate is divided as follows: Three shares to each of his sons Delabere Pritchett and William Fleming, one share to his son Edward Ernest, and one share to his daughter Frances Jane Foley.

The will of Mr. Edward Joseph, late of 25, Dover Street, Piccadilly, and 158, New Bond Street, fine-art dealer, who died on March 14, is now in course of proof by John Lumsden Propert, M.B., and Alfred Gordon Salomon, the executors, the gross estate being sworn at £85,252 4s. 4d., and the net. at £79,333 7s. 8d. The testator bequeaths twenty-five guineas each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, the Board of Guardians for Relief of Jewish Poor, and the amalgamated charities of the Jews' Orphan Asylum and Jews' Hospital; and he directs the

payment of thirty guineas a year for the maintenance of the "Joseph Cot" at the Evelina Hospital for Children being continued during the minority of his children. He also bequeaths £300 to Miss Sarah Solomon, and £1000 to James A. Briggs; and there are various specific bequests of articles of jewellery and vertu to children, Mr. J. L. Propert, and Mrs. Flora Wertheimer and Mr. Asher Wertheimer. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three children equally, son on attaining twenty-five, and daughters on attaining twenty-one or marrying, the daughters' shares being settled on the usual trusts.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1892) of Mr. Alexander Brown, late of The Bays, Hampton Wick, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on April 7 by Frederick Methold, Charles Charleton, and Alexander Burnett Brown, the grandson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £8000 Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, upon trust, for the benefit of his son George, for life; £8000 of the like annuities, upon trust, to pay the income (but one half only in the event of her marrying again) to his daughter-in-law, Ann Werge Brown, for life; and legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his two grandsons, Alexander Burnett Brown and Geoffrey Davison Brown, as joint tenants, in fee simple, absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1892) of Mr. John Furtado, late of Silverlands, Eridge, Sussex, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 28 by Miss Fanny Hope and Mrs. Annie Parker, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Maria Furtado; £100 to each of his executrices, and numerous freehold houses to each of his four children, Sybil Sarah Caroline Furtado, John Stanley Furtado, Irene Furtado, and Hilda Furtado. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, she supporting his infant children, and then for his three children, John Stanley, Irene, and Hilda, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1886) of Mr. John Davison, formerly of 11, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, and late of 66, Maida Vale, Kilburn, who died on March 4, was proved on March 27 by John George Davison, the son, and Miss Emily Augusta Davison, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £37,000. The testator gives his freehold property, the Express Tavern, near Kew Bridge Station, to his son John George; all his household furniture and effects between his said son and his daughter Emily Augusta; and £150 each to his said son and daughter, and to his daughter Mary Ann Bygrave. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third to his son and one third, upon trust, for each of his daughters.

The will (dated April 1, 1886), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1889, and June 3, 1890), of Mr. Percy Cotes Sadleir Bruère, late of Avon Bank, Clifton, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on March 27 by William Henry Domville and

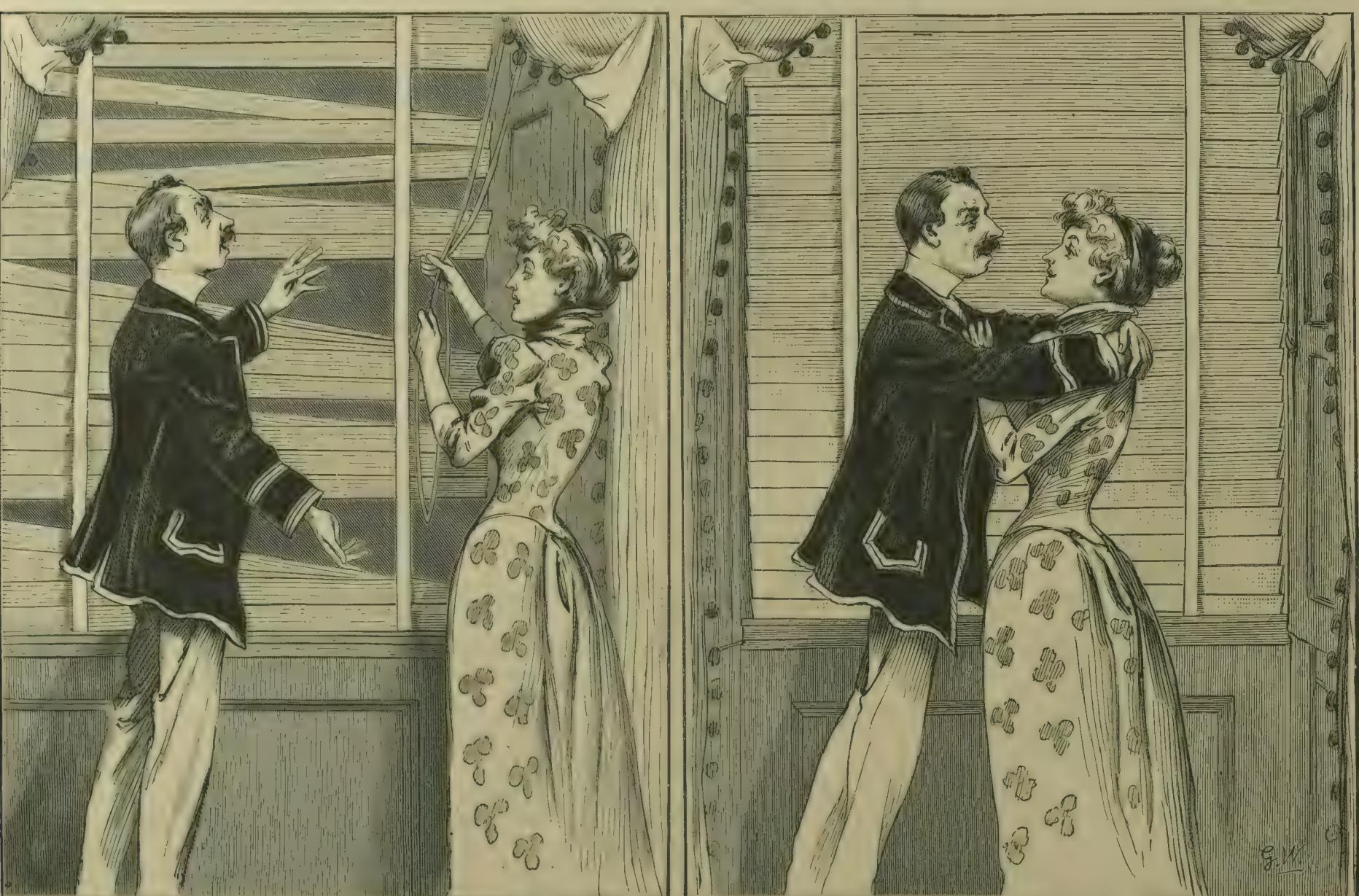
Charles Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator gives £300 to each of his executors; an annuity of £30 to his coachman, Thomas Pearce; £3000 to Eleanor Mustard; £10,000, upon trust, for his nieces Mrs. Alice Phillips and Mrs. Fanny Bertha Montague; his portraits, pictures, plate, furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his sister, Mrs. Julia Sadleir Knight; his freehold residence, Avon Bank, to his said sister for life, and then to his niece Julianna Frances Knight; and £10,000, upon trust, for his said sister, for life, and then for her two children. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Graham Bruère.

The will (dated July 5, 1887), with three codicils (dated Aug. 8, 1888; Aug. 27, 1891; and March 19, 1892), of Anastasie Louise Charlotte de la Panouse, Comtesse de Bonneval, late of 30, Rue Las Cases, Paris, was proved in London in respect of her English property on April 14 by Comte Armand Gaston de Bonneval, the son, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testatrix gives with the title of *préciput* and extra share the fourth of all her property, real and personal, which she shall leave at her death to her son Gaston, and legacies to her son Fernand, her daughter the Marquise de Nicolay, grandchildren, and other members of family, servants, and others.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1888) of Mr. James Bissell, late of The Cedars, Great Barr, Staffordshire, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on March 27 by James Broad Bissell, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator directs £150 per annum to be paid to his brother, Paul Bissell; subject thereto, he leaves all his real and personal estate to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1892) of Mr. Walton Blezard, late of 20, Park Road, Southport, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 21 by James Alexander Mackie and Cicero Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator leaves £100 and all his consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Blezard; and all his articles of household use and ornament, his residence, 20, Park Road, and £312 per annum to his wife, for life. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one fifth to, or upon trust for, each of his children, John Blezard, Mary Ellen Smith, Nancy Mackie, Elizabeth Ann Roberts, and Emma Weaver.

The will (dated June 4, 1889), with two codicils (dated March 18, 1890, and Feb. 8, 1892), of the Rev. Fitzharding Berkeley Portman, D.L., formerly of Staple Fitzpaine, and late of Orchard Portman, both in the county of Somerset, who died on March 6, was proved on April 6 by Charles Edward Lance and Edmund Mainley Awdry, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and all articles of personal, domestic, and household use or ornament to his daughter; and legacies to grandchildren, executors, parlour-maid, groom and gardener. The residue of his property he leaves to his children and the children of any deceased child.



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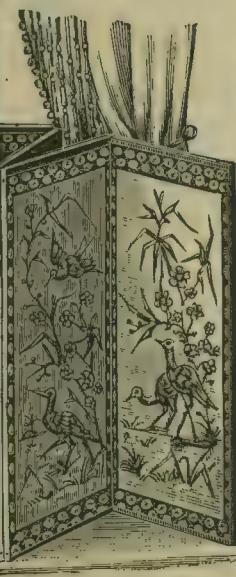
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MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Concerts so far have sustained a fair level of interest without furnishing any features particularly striking in character, or novelties that are actually fresh to the public ear. Like its predecessor, the concert of April 20 brought forth nothing absolutely new, reliance being placed in the attractiveness of such familiar and favourite works as Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3, Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, and Chopin's pianoforte concerto in E minor—this last selected for the rentrée of Madame Sophie Menter's gifted pupil, M. Sapellnikoff. The plans of the directors were justified by a full attendance, and on the whole one could not have wished for a better performance of either the overture or the symphony than that secured by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie with the splendid material at his disposal. Many points in the reading of the "Leonora" won the approval of connoisseurs; but the finale of the symphony—the Saltarello—was taken at a presto so furious that the violins and flutes had all their work cut out to keep pace with the conductor's beat. "Presto" may mean as fast as possible, but it ought not to be interpreted into a speed that is inconsistent either with safety or accuracy. M. Sapellnikoff's playing in the Chopin concerto was delightfully delicate and elegant, and in a technical sense altogether masterly. What it lacked, especially in the slow movement and the rondo finale, was the warmth that Rubinstein and Paderewski somehow contrived to infuse into this example of the Polish composer's genius. Still, it was something to hear M. Sapellnikoff with his muscular powers under such perfect restraint; not once during the evening were the tiger's claws permitted to peep from beneath his velvety and caressing touch. It would have been well had Miss Marie Brema exercised a similar measure of self-control in her delivery of Joseph Joachim's interminable and uninteresting "Scene der Marfa." But the young artist did not spare herself either in this dull piece or in the Beethovenian melody known in connection with its English text as "Creation's Hymn." She has a curious trick of jerking her head on one side at the end of every declamatory phrase, and after a time it becomes somewhat monotonous. Miss Brema

undeniably has a fine voice and well-cultivated style, only she must take care to sing music that suits her. By-the-way, the warmest ovation of the evening was that bestowed upon Mr. Edward German at the conclusion of the capably performed selection from his music to "Henry VIII."

The performance of "St. Paul" given by the Royal Choral Society on April 19 was remarkable for the splendid singing of Mr. Ben Davies, the successful reappearance at the Albert Hall of Madame Clara Samuell, and a series of well-nigh faultless achievements on the part of the choir. The Welsh tenor was in magnificent voice, and his rendering of "Be thou faithful unto death" provoked one of the heartiest demonstrations ever bestowed upon this popular artist by a London audience. Madame Clara Samuell was acting as a substitute (although not so announced) for Madame Nordica, who has not yet returned from America, and her clear, bright tones sounded remarkably well across the broad expanse of the Kensington concert-hall. Madame Belle Cole sang the contralto solos in her customary effective manner, but Mr. Watkins Mills was not altogether satisfying as an exponent of the Apostle's music. "Consume them all" was sung with the mildest display of dramatic vigour, and the infinite pathos of "O God! have mercy" was never for an instant realised. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes inevitable, and really we could not help thinking of the very different reading of the character given here by Mr. Plunket Greene last year.

An extremely interesting concert was given at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 22, by Mdlle. Agnes Janson, a singer who has numerous admirers among more than one section of the music-loving public. Her programme was chosen with commendable artistic taste, including as it did not a few items that belong to the repertory of the "Pops"—to wit, Beethoven's pianoforte and violin sonata in G major, Op. 96 (played by Messrs. Emile Sauret and Schönberger), some pianoforte pieces by Chopin, and the new vocal quartets of Mr. Henschel, who, together with his wife, the bénéficiaire, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henry Bird, took part in these performances. Mdlle. Janson's refined and expressive singing in her native Swedish songs, in the serenade from Massenet's "Roi de Lahore," and in Saint-Saëns's romance, "Printemps qui commence," deserves special mention; while the vocal efforts of Miss Esther

Palliser and Mr. Jack Robertson likewise evoked cordial signs of approbation. On the same day the Crystal Palace Concerts terminated for the series, leaving only Mr. Manns's benefit concert to take place the following week. The programme contained nothing new. Mdlle. Wietrowetz gave a superb interpretation of Spohr's eighth violin concerto; Schumann's symphony in D minor was happily restored to Sydenham amateurs in its original form; and Miss Nancy McIntosh made an acceptable substitute for Miss Liza Lehmann, who was suffering from indisposition. The attendance was rather meagre, but then it has not been the kind of weather that induces people to neglect the lovely grounds of the Crystal Palace to sit a whole afternoon in its stuffy concert-room.

A good deal of interest attaches to the début of the new Danish violinist, Miss Frida Scotta, at the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of Mr. Manns's benefit concert. The young artist has been very successful on the Continent, where her tone and technique are highly praised. Miss Scotta is the daughter of a well-known lawyer in Copenhagen, and about twenty-one years of age. She studied with Berthelier and Massart at the Conservatoire in Paris, where she obtained the gold medal. During a tour through Scandinavia she played before the King and Queen of Denmark, from whom she received the Order of Merit. Miss Scotta then went to Berlin, where she gave a recital at the palace before the Emperor and Empress. In March last she performed at the Philharmonic Concert at Vienna, Herr Richter conducting; and she has also appeared at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic. All things considered, the new-comer must be a performer of quite exceptional ability.

The German Emperor and Empress will start on a northern trip from Kiel on June 3, and remain away till August. It is said that they will visit England.

The wife of the President of the Supreme Court at Kragujevatz, Servia, has been murdered and her body mutilated. The perpetrators of the crime escaped.

A sad disaster happened on Monday evening, April 24, in Peel Road, Kilburn, by the fall of a stone coping-wall of the front of several houses. Two young married women, with a baby, were killed, and six children badly hurt.

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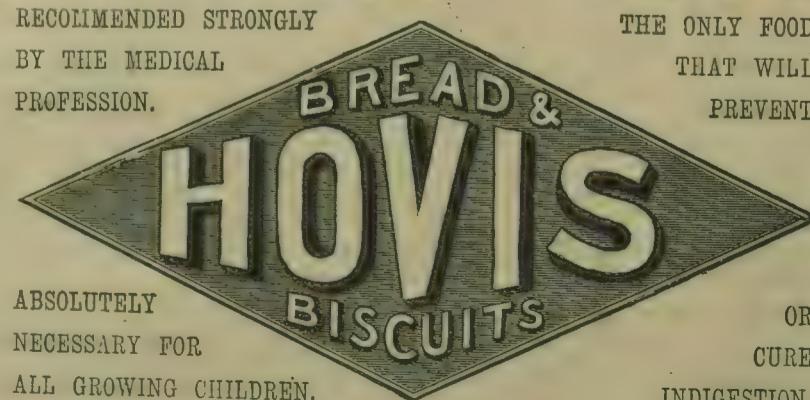
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" Edinburgh,

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The opposition to the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales—that is implied in the "Suspensory" Bill—grows weekly, almost daily, in strength among English Churchmen. At St. James's Hall, on Monday, April 24, the meeting over which Lord Selborne presided, with the Bishop of London and other speakers, was brutally interrupted by an organised gang of disturbers, whose behaviour showed that they could not possibly be religious Dissenters, and were more likely to be "welshers" than Welshmen. They actually hooted and hissed, and waved their hats and sticks, at the singing of the well-known hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ our Lord." Meetings against the Bill have been held in many provincial towns of England, and there is to be a great demonstration in North Wales to the same effect.

"Verax" has been pointing out that the Bishop of London, made Bishop of Exeter in December 1869, supported Mr. Gladstone's action in disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church. To this a Church paper replies that "if Dr. Temple of Rugby was grievously mistaken in 1868, there is no reason why Bishop Temple of London should not be equally sincere in his convictions in 1893." It goes on to say that there were circumstances in connection with the Irish Church which remove it from the category to which the Church in Wales belongs.

I have received a handsomely got-up pamphlet from New York, entitled "Service in Loving Memory of the late Phillips Brooks, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, at the Music Hall, New York, Feb. 16, 1893." It contains addresses by representatives of all sects, Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Hebrew. The speakers insist specially on Dr. Brooks's rare unselfishness. One of them says: "He never drew one selfish breath or spent a self-indulgent hour. When the report came the day after his death that he had left a considerable fortune, it seemed like an aspersion upon his character. We knew it could not be true. And when the report was corrected and the truth came to be known, it turned out that he had gone out of the world as poor as he came into it, that he had spent all, and followed his Master." All bears witness to the extraordinary impression which Phillips Brooks has left in America.

Jerusalem was crowded this Easter with pilgrims and travellers. The weather was tempestuous—cold raw days of sleet, snow, and rain, such as few remember having seen. Early celebrations in the Chapel of Abraham, held by permission of the Patriarch, have been frequent and much appreciated. Bishop Barry preached at Christ Church on Easter Sunday morning.

The Bishop of Wakefield, speaking at the annual meeting of the East London Church Fund, complained that the newspapers did not sufficiently chronicle the good works of

the Church. He thought that more should be done to enlighten the public by means of the newspaper press as to what the Church was doing. The Bishop of Wakefield is warmly remembered in East London, and spends a Sunday there now and then. He is able to testify that the work under his successor has not one whit abated. The present Bishop of Bedford, indeed, is of opinion that in the matter of church attendance the East-End will compare very favourably with the West-End. While he is engaged in confirming, it is no uncommon thing to have man and wife, father, mother, and children, presented for confirmation.

That able and brilliant writer, Father Barry, contributes to the *Dublin Review* a paper on "Labour and Capital, Limited," in which he expresses strong sympathy with the movement of democracy against the capitalist system. He thinks that just laws suited at once to the complexity as well as the simplicity of modern relations can attain to this: that in countries calling themselves Christian mankind should no longer be divided into slaves on the one side and slave masters on the other, with little less than a criminal code to hinder them from lapsing into barbarism.

The lectures on Tennyson which Mr. Stopford Brooke is now delivering are to be published in volume form by Messrs. Ibister. The evening congregation, formerly scanty, at Bedford Chapel, has so increased that the building is full.

V.

Affairs in 1852, Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1858, Secretary of State for India in the same year, when the Indian Government was transferred to the Crown. From 1866 to 1868, and again, in Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, from 1874 to 1878, he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry, Lord Derby was Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1882 to 1885. He married, in 1870, Mary Catherine, widow of the second Marquis of Salisbury, a daughter of the fifth Earl De la Warr. The late Lord Derby was sometime Chancellor of the University of London, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1869, Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in 1874, long Chairman of the Liverpool Divisional Quarter Sessions, Chairman of the Royal Commission of Inquiry on the Livery Companies and Guilds of London, Chairman of the Peabody Building Fund Trustees for London, and frequently engaged in other labours of public usefulness.

LORD MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE, AND STOURTON.

Alfred Joseph Stourton, D.L. and J.P., nineteenth Baron Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton, died on April 18 in Paris. He was born Feb. 28, 1829, and married Sept. 13, 1865, Mary Margaret, only child of Mr. Matthew Elias Corbally, M.P., of Corbalton Hall, county Meath. He succeeded his father as nineteenth Baron

Stourton Dec. 23, 1872, and in 1878 had the abeyance of the baronies of Mowbray and Segrave decided in his favour. He was summoned to the House of Lords in the same year by the title of Baron Mowbray. He is succeeded in the peerage by his eldest son, Charles Botolph Joseph, who was born May 23, 1867. The new peer was formerly lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. John Addington Symonds, literary critic, essayist, poet, and historian, on April 19, aged fifty-two.

Mr. William Wakefield, the senior partner in the banking firm of Wakefield, Crewdson, and Co., of Kendal, on April 19, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. William Macpherson, who edited the *Quarterly Review* for six years, on April 20, aged eighty.

Cardinal Giordani, Archbishop of Ferrara, who was created a Cardinal in 1887, aged seventy.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

The Right Hon. Edward Henry Stanley, fifteenth Earl of

Derby, Baron Stanley, Baronet, Privy Councillor, Knight of the Garter, died on April 21 at Knowsley Park, South Lancashire, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. This eminent statesman, born July 21, 1826, was eldest son of Edward Geoffrey

Stanley, the fourteenth Earl, who was Prime Minister in 1852, in 1858, and in 1866, leader of the Conservative party, and a Knight of the Garter; he died on Oct. 23, 1869. The late Earl was educated at Eton and Rugby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, when he took first-class honours in classics and honours also in mathematics; he travelled in Canada, the United States, the West Indies, and India; he was elected, in December 1846, M.P. for Lynn Regis, became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign



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ANGLO-SAXON INDUSTRIAL ART.

The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons. By the Baron J. de Baye. With seventeen steel plates and thirty-one text cuts. Translated by T. B. Harbottle. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1893.)—This book will do much to supplement the labours of historians of the modern school in their correction of the blunders of their predecessors about the state of culture of the folk from whose loins we English have sprung. Roman civilisation and Roman influence, despite their supercession in Britain, loom so large on the historic horizon as partly to obscure the character of the people who shared, with other races outside the empire, the disdainful title of "barbarians," and whom we have been taught in school histories to look upon as little better than savages.

But these old makers of England—Angles, Jutes, and Saxons—long before they arrived here as settlers, had their developed social and political institutions, and had left the Neolithic, or polished stone age, far behind. The specimens of their skill which profusely illustrate this book evidence excellence of workmanship and elegance and harmony of design—notably in the *cloisonné* work in brooches, bracelets, earrings, chatelains or girdle-hangers, and other personal ornaments; also in the rarer swords,

with their decorated hilts and scabbards, challenging comparison with modern work.

Recognising the value of knowledge of the peoples themselves in throwing light on their artistic instincts and development, the author starts with a convenient summary of their history. This, however, assumes the validity of the now-discredited theory of the Asiatic origin of the Teutonic and other "Aryan"-speaking races; although, in his observations on the influence of Oriental upon Anglo-Saxon art, the author allows full play to the independent features of the latter. Perhaps, in this connection, the most interesting object figured in the book is a cruciform fibula found at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, with the world-wide *svastika* symbol chased upon it. One has to be careful nowadays as to admission of solar characters, but this symbol is probably emblematic of the sun in motion, as of a wheel; a symbol of which Mr. William Simpson, a high authority on such matters, thinks that the *tri-skelion*, or three legs of Sicily and the Isle of Man, is a variant. The *svastika* is common on the earliest Greek pottery. Baron de Baye's collection of examples brings home to us with renewed force how deeply we are indebted to the burial customs of each period, both for the preservation of works of art, and for the identification of the races to whom the makers belonged. The cremation urns, and the

various objects placed with the incinerated remains, which abound in ancient graves and cemeteries, are valuable corroborative evidence of practices and beliefs recorded in literatures of which the famous poem of Beowulf is a well-known example. As his book is one mainly for reference and comparison, Baron de Baye has wisely added a full list of cemeteries, and an index.

The United Methodist Free Churches' report shows a large decrease in the number of members. The meeting at Exeter Hall was addressed by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and other speakers.

The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, at its annual meeting on April 24, received a statistical report showing its number of church members to be 337,409; the sittings for the "congregations," not necessarily members, 1,237,612; with 487,801 Sunday scholars, 1858 pastors in charge, and 4369 local preachers.

The trustees of Shakspere's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon have issued their yearly report, stating that Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery has been purchased for £3000 and its furniture for £500. It is stated that 23,966 persons visited the house in Stratford during the past year, of whom 12,381 were our own countrymen, 5617 Americans.

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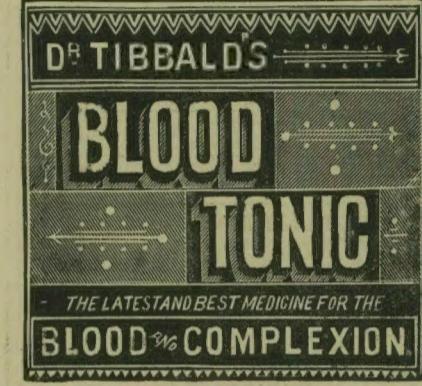
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THE Y&N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET

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A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mr. Thomas Waymouth, 4, Offenham Terrace, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, writes, Nov. 18, 1892: "Just a few lines to inform you of the benefit I have received from the use of one of your Electropathic Belts. In 1889 I had completed twenty years in the Metropolitan Police Force, Thames Division, on the river Thames, exposed to all weathers. In February of the same year when I came off duty I was seized with vomiting a quantity of blood. I was under the divisional surgeon until August of the same year, and then was returned as unfit for further service. In November I had another attack, and was removed to Guy's Hospital, and was an in-patient for several weeks. I came out and went to a convalescent Home for three weeks. In February 1891 I had another attack, and went into Guy's Hospital, and remained as an in-patient for eleven weeks, and then went to a convalescent home in Essex for three weeks, and then came home and went to a convalescent home at Clevedon, Somerset, for eight weeks, and came home still very weak and unable to work. I then became an out-patient at Guy's Hospital for several months. The doctors told me I must be very careful of myself, and eat that which agreed with me. From February 1891 until April 1892 I did not do any work, only potter about at times. In April I was employed by the Victoria Steam-boat Association, Limited, River Thames. After I had been at work about four weeks, I found the walk from my house, West Kilburn, to Charing Cross Pier, and standing all day, too much for me, on account of the violent pains I had in my chest, stomach, shoulder-blades, also from hips down inside my thighs and ankles. I was sick three or four times every day, and very low-spirited, expecting every day I should have to give up my work, although I had lived from my first illness on very light diet, such as soups, fish, milk, &c.

"While at Charing Cross Pier I attended Charing Cross Hospital, and was an out-patient for some time, but obtained no relief. I spoke to a friend about trying one of your Electropathic Belts. I was persuaded against it, but was determined to get one if I could; so a friend of mine, Mr. J. Reeves, of Millwall, gave me one, which I have worn since last July. I do not know how long he had it, but since I have worn it I am twice the man I was. Thank God! I have lost all pain and sickness, can eat solid food, which I have been unable to do for three years, and do not require any medicine. When I was at work I had to leave my home at West Kilburn at 6.40 a.m. for work, to take money and tickets at Charing Cross Pier at 8 a.m. I had to walk about and remain on my feet until 8.30 p.m., and then walk two-thirds of the way home again, and never knew what it was to feel tired. I sleep well and feel quite myself again, as I did ten years ago. I hope I shall never be without one of your Belts. I have strongly recom-

mended them to all my friends, both in the Police Force and out, who knew about my long illness, and told them the benefit I have received from wearing it. I shall still be pleased to recommend your Electropathic Belt and answer any questions the public may choose to ask." Sufferers should call and avail themselves of a free private consultation, or write to the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

LIEUT.-COL. A. TAYLOR,

Retired Bengal Corps, The Rosary, Ashburton, South Devon, writes: "Since my return from India some six years ago I had much trouble from sciatica pains, accompanied with liver attacks, which came on at intervals sometimes of two weeks and at others of a month, in most cases laying me up for three or four days. About a year and a half ago I was induced to try one of Harness' Electropathic Belts, and since then I have never been troubled for more than a day with the same pains, and then in much less degree, which I attribute to the fact of wearing the Belt regularly. I may mention that I tried for a time wearing an ordinary flannel belt, but as I began to suffer again I returned to wearing your appliance, with the same good effect. I shall be much obliged if you will have the Belt I enclose repaired as soon as possible. You are at liberty to use this letter if you think fit."

A COMBINED APPLIANCE.

A Combined Electric Belt and Suspender is the latest invention of the Medical Battery Company (Limited). It acts directly upon the vital organs by imperceptibly generating mild, invigorating electric currents. For varicocele and kindred troubles it is invaluable. No man should be without these perfect Health appliances. Call and see them scientifically tested, or write at once for particulars to the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford Street, London, W. All communications are treated as strictly private and confidential.

A NEW MEDICAL WORK FOR LADIES.

It is well that ladies should know something about the various ailments peculiar to their sex, and we therefore strongly recommend them to send at once for a copy of the Medical Battery Company's new medical work on "Ladies' Ailments," and read every line of it very carefully. They will know how to speedily cure themselves without physic, and effectually avoid the many distressing symptoms of internal weakness, hysteria, functional irregularities, weak back, &c.

Electricity—as imperceptibly applied to the system by the aid of these beautifully designed and scientifically-constructed Electropathic Belt Appliances—is not only a perfectly harmless remedy, but is also a very pleasant and sure one, which is strongly recommended by the most eminent authorities, including Dr. Anna Kingsford, M.D. A copy of this interesting brochure will be sent (under

cover) to any address, free by post, on application to the Lady Superintendent, the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

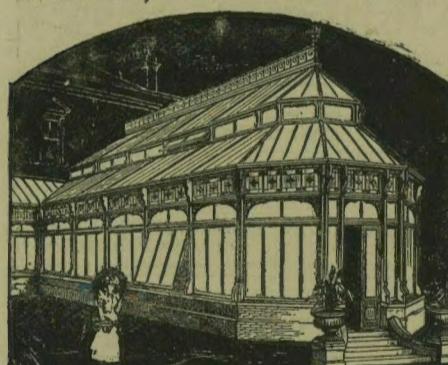
THE EXPERIENCE OF A GENTLEMAN

who, after the use for a short time of the Electropathic Belt, wrote, "I feel a buoyancy of spirits, a capability of enjoying myself, and a clearness of head hitherto unknown," is the experience of thousands whose sufferings have been alleviated by the use of this scientific appliance. Mr. Rathwell, whose address is Cooke Street, Hulme, Manchester, further says: "The Electropathic Belt my father purchased for loss of nerve power and paralysis has made a new man of him, and it was only the other day he told me he would have been in his grave long ago if it had not been for your valuable Electropathic treatment." For everyone, young and old, whose bodily health and nervous system have been brought into a state of exhaustion, Harness' Electropathic treatment will be found to replenish the nervous centres, restore wasted muscle and tissue, and alleviate both mental and physical sufferings. Weak and languid sufferers, and all who are troubled with the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion, brain fag, impaired vitality, local or general debility, rheumatic affections, organic disorders, &c., should call to-day, if possible, and avail themselves of a free personal consultation at the Electropathic Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlets post free on application.

AN EMINENT SCULPTOR,

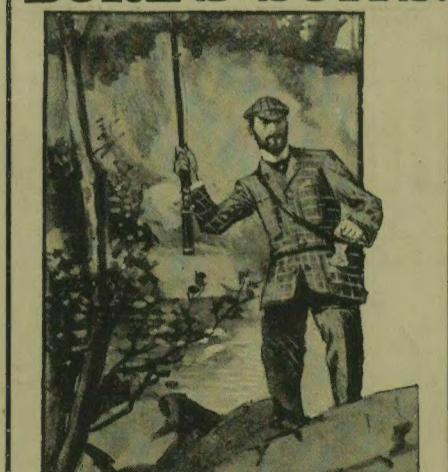
Ed. Lanteri, Esq., Oakley Cottage, 1, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, writes: "I wish to confirm the verbal expression to you to-day of the great benefit Harness' Electropathic Belt has been in my case. I have now had experience of its use for something like three years, and it has relieved me after I had tried all other remedies and given up medicine as hopeless. I adopted your treatment without much faith, being very disappointed at not having got well by the other methods employed, and thought probably yours would fail also, but was agreeably surprised to find myself restored to perfect health. I may also express my appreciation of your electric treatment departments, and the many perfect appliances and instruments used therein, which, as you are well aware, and it is superfluous for me to tell you, are nowhere equalled, and having some knowledge of the Salpêtrière Hospital, and Drs. Charcot and Vigoreux, Paris, and its electrical appointments, I may be allowed to give an opinion." Under the direct supervision of fully qualified English physicians, electro-massage treatment is carried out daily with marvellous success at the Electropathic Institute, 52, Oxford Street, W. Those who are troubled with obstinate, nervous, rheumatic, or organic disorders should call for free private consultation, or send at once for descriptive pamphlet and book of testimonials. Note.—The Electropathic Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., is the only completely equipped Electro-Medical Establishment in Europe.

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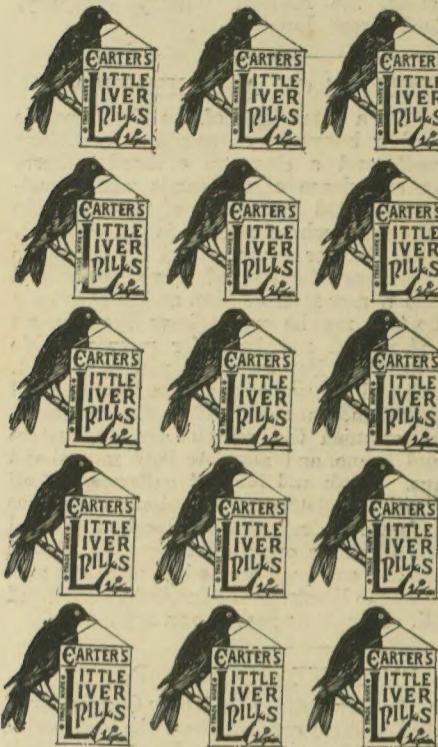
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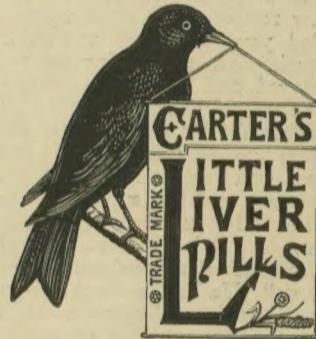
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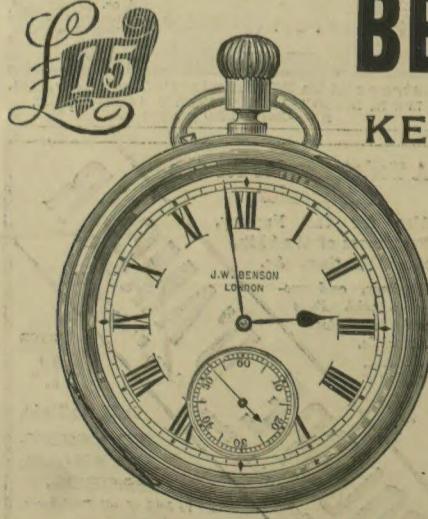
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It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. It is not a machine, but a knife, sharpened exactly like any other knife, only not a quarter as often. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as you can thick ones.

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